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MARCH 4, 1957

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COVER: MICKY MANTLE
Photograph by Hy Peskin

Advertisement on page 10

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The running figure of Mr. Mickey Charles Mantle signals glad tidings this week: baseball is back. In Florida and Arizona the teams are in spring training, and their activities are reported on page 24. As for Mickey, he is shown as never before, in drawings by Robert Riger and text by Gerald Holland, beginning on page 48.

BASKETBALL: THE FIX AGAIN

An exclusive account of events leading to the suspension of Referee John Frawley. By ROBERT BOYLE

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE:

BEGINNING A SERIES OF EXCLUSIVE GOLF LESSONS WITH BEN HOGAN

In the first of his five-part series, "The Modern Fundamentals of Golf," the greatest player of our age begins his revelations of how he mastered the game, taking the reader step by step through the basic process of achieving an accurate, powerful and repeating swing. His promise: 70s for the average golfer

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Volume 6
Number 9

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
March 4, 1957



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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

ONE DAY about a year ago I was in the locker room of the Seminole Golf Club in West Palm Beach, just before starting an afternoon round. As I was tying my golf shoes, Bill Carman of Detroit, our Associate Advertising Manager, came up to me, showing considerable enthusiasm. "Ben Hogan," said Bill, a longtime Hogan acquaintance, "would like to see you about an idea he's got. He's out on the practice green now."

Bill and I were enjoying a vacation. Hogan wasn't. He was in



Palm Beach for the Seminole Pro-Amateur Tournament, the traditional Hogan tune-up for the Masters and, when I joined him, he was sharpening his putting. He interrupted the tremendous concentration which he brings to golf, whether practicing or playing, and characteristically came right to the point. "I've finally got the fundamentals of the golf swing worked out so clearly in my own mind," he said, "that I'm certain any reasonably coordinated golfer who applies them can shoot in the 70s."

To me, a resolutely hopeful mid-80s golfer, reasonably coordinated—that afternoon, for instance, I was really hot and came in with an 84—this would have been an arresting thought coming from almost anyone. Coming from Hogan, where no one ever charged with overstatement, it sounded like an invitation to the Promised Land.

Hogan wondered if *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* would like to work with him preparing a series of articles explaining his ideas. *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* was the magazine he thought could do the series best, he went on to say, not only because in his judgment Herbert Warren Wind was the clearest and most authoritative writer on golf he knew but because he had also been greatly impressed with the ability of Anthony Ravielli, as revealed in *Time* Farm The Tor, to illustrate the frequently intricate points he would be making.

Shortly after this, Ravielli and Wind met with Hogan at Fort Worth. Their collaboration continued steadily for 10 months. Next week *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* publishes the first of the five parts of the final achievement, *The Modern Fundamentals of Golf*. Is it Hogan repeats in writing what sounded so exciting to me that day at Seminole:

"Up to a considerable point, as I see it, there's nothing difficult about golf, nothing. I see no reason, truly, why the average golfer, if he goes about it intelligently, shouldn't play in the 70s—and I mean by playing the type of shots a fine player plays."

And that's where Hogan starts explaining, to the 97% of us five million golfers who don't exactly do that yet, how to do exactly that.

Harry Phillips

JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX

The Question:

Should we regulate boat traffic like automobile traffic? (Asked at the National Motor Boat Show)



VICE-ADMIRAL ALFRED C. RICHMOND

Commandant of the U.S. Coast Guard



The boating situation has needed a thorough study and the Bonser Committee has finished a nationwide survey. Its recommendations should be revealing. In my opinion his will result in the enactment of sensible laws which will help the Coast Guard in protecting boaters.

RALPH EVINRUDE

Oakland Marine and Yacht Co., Chairman Exec. Comm.



We need intelligent legislation. I do not go along with the conviction that since this is a free country, and there is a lot of room in the ocean, a man can operate as he pleases. We should have one set of national regulations which will help everyone and not hinder boating.

COLONEL CLARENCE E. LOVEJOY

The New York Times Boating editor



I'm afraid so. The commendable U.S. Power Squadrons have been educating boaters for 40-odd years, but we now have more cowboys than ever. We may have state and federal laws this year. I wish there could be just one law, federal, because a lot of us take our boats into other states.

REAR-ADMIRAL W. C. PERKINS, USCG

Commander 3rd District and Eastern Area



No. Education, similar to what yacht clubs do in educating their youngsters, is the answer. They're talking about barring persons for age, old or young. That's wrong. A man should know his seamanship, which is a lot more important than a certificate like an auto license.

JOHN TRUMPHY JR.

Annapolis, Md. President John Trumpy & Sons



All we need is legislation requiring boats to be numbered. However, I think it is necessary for every dealer who sells a boat to instruct the purchaser in its operation, just as automobile dealers did years ago when they sold automobiles to people who didn't know how to drive.

RALPH G. KLIFFORTH

President, Natl. Assn. of Engine and Boat Manufacturers



Over the years, boating has been the safest sport. We want to keep it that way. This requires better education and some legislation. Our organization has requested the Bonser Committee to study and determine whether or not additional legislation governing boating is necessary.

continued

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HOTBOX

continued

JOHN W. WOLFORD



*Detolly
President, Gity Marine
Motor Co.*

Yes. Understanding boats and their operation is necessary to safe boating. Currently there are many who violate the rules of the road and who operate boats dangerously. One of my strong convictions is that the handling of violations can be done better for stricter enforcement.

H. E. REYNOLDS



*Port Clinton, Ohio
Vice-President, The
Mathews Co.*

Yes, but only on a federal level. If states think it necessary to initiate legislation, it should parallel the federal pattern. However, I've always felt that education in the use of boats is better than requiring a man to take a test for a license, similar to an auto license.

THAYER QUINCY



*Marblehead, Mass.
Ex-Commander, Cutcliffe
Yacht Club*

Yes, I hate to see legislation because those of us who have had boats for years can handle them. We're smuggling men. But there are so many people today operating outboards and other craft who know so little about boating that they make the waterways a hazard for all.

NEXT WEEK:

What athlete is real life
would you compare with
Frank Merrill?



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COMING EVENTS

continued

MONDAY, MARCH 4

Baseball

(Leading college games)

Duquesne vs. Temple, Pittsburgh
Tulane vs. Boston, Boston, Mass.
Michigan vs. Michigan State, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Minnesota vs. Ohio, Minneapolis
Purdue vs. Iowa, Lafayette, Ind.

Boxing

(Professional)

• Ed Torres vs. Billy Goss, welterweights (10 rds.), St. Paul's, New York, 10:30 p.m. (Satellite)

Dog Trials

National Amateur (Jug) Championship, Orange, Va.

Horse Racing

Rutah 1st Handicap, \$25,000, 2-year-olds & up, 1½ m. (Juel court), Kansas, Kan.

TUESDAY, MARCH 5

Baseball

(Professional)

Philadelphia vs. Fort Wayne, New York vs. Spencer, Mass. vs. Jordan, New York
St. Louis vs. Boston, St. Louis

Tennis

Pro matches, Warner Image, Kansas City, Mo.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6

Baseball

(Leading college games)

Columbia vs. Princeton, New York
Cornell vs. Stanford, Ithaca, N.Y.
La Salle vs. Villanova, Philadelphia

Boxing

Clarkson Adams vs. St. Louis, Schenck, Ohio

Horse Racing

Whit Island vs. Brown, Kingston, R.I.

Baseball

Boston vs. Philadelphia, Rochester

Boxing

• Arnold Chicago Golden Gloves Tournament of Champions (Juniors), Chicago, 10 p.m. (NBC)

Hockey

Toronto vs. Montreal, Toronto

THURSDAY, MARCH 7

Baseball

(College tournaments)

Atlantic Coast Conference Tourney, Raleigh, N.C. (through March 11)

College Tennis

National Singles Championship, Boston

FRIDAY, MARCH 8

Boxing

• Quattri Hart vs. Willie Davis, lightweights (10 rds.), Montreal, 10 p.m. (NBC)

Hockey

Toronto vs. Montreal, Toronto

SATURDAY, MARCH 9

Baseball

• Quattri Hart vs. Willie Davis, lightweights (10 rds.), Montreal, 10 p.m. (NBC)

Hockey

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Baseball

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Hockey

• Quattri Hart vs. Willie Davis, lightweights (10 rds.), Montreal, 10 p.m. (NBC)

*See local listings

HUNGARIAN OLYMPIANS' ATHLETIC TOUR

Saturday, March 2

Hungarian leaders in competition and gymnastics in exhibition, swimmers and water poloists in competition, Phoenix, Ariz.

Sunday, March 3

Hungarian leaders in competition and gymnastics in exhibition, swimmers and water poloists in competition, St. Joseph, Mo.

Monday, March 4

Hungarian leaders in competition and gymnastics in exhibition, swimmers and water poloists in competition, St. Joseph, Mo.

Tuesday, March 5

Hungarian leaders in competition and gymnastics in exhibition, swimmers and water poloists in competition, Los Angeles

Wednesday, March 6

Hungarian leaders in competition and gymnastics in exhibition, swimmers and water poloists in competition, Los Angeles

Thursday, March 7

Hungarian leaders in competition and gymnastics in exhibition, swimmers and water poloists in competition, Los Angeles

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*National Association for Stock-Car Auto Racing



BASKETBALL:

A new, explosive scandal threatens as reports of excessive gambling sideline a Missouri Valley Conference referee

Six years ago, in a scandal which wrecked the careers of 20 college athletes and seriously damaged the game itself, it was revealed that gamblers had influenced players to fix games—paying them off in hundreds of dollars while collecting in tens of thousands. There was a hopeful quiet after the 1951 disclosures, but recently the rumormongers began again. Sports Illustrated's Chicago correspondent, Robert H. Boyle, heard that a particularly ugly story was circulating among gamblers. The word was that a certain referee in the Missouri Valley Conference had been "fixing" college basketball games, in cooperation with a betting ring.

Boyle began his investigation. After confronting officials, questioning witnesses and experts—sometimes receiving cooperation and sometimes not—he was able to establish these astonishing facts:

Charges of corruption have been made against a referee in one of the nation's major basketball conferences. These charges have not been made openly. Similar charges were made against the same referee when he worked previously with the Big Ten Conference, and they were not openly investigated. This time, the reports have appeared as serious to the presidents of the University of Wichita and St. Louis University and to the commissioner of the Missouri Valley Conference that the referee has in effect been suspended from officiating in the conference for the rest of the season. He has been deprived of some of his means of livelihood, although the commissioner pretends that his continued inactivity is due to sickness and shows no inclination to conduct an investigation of the charges as they stand.

The poetry of setting on rumors in private but ignoring them in public is not the right one. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED believes that these particular reports, and any others like them, should be investigated in the interest of a good and growing sport.

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

JOHAN K. FRASER, a basketball referee in the important Missouri Valley Conference, has been relieved of his duties by Conference Commissioner Arthur E. Eilers. Eilers told me this virtual suspension would only last until Fraser recovered from a neck injury (left). But Eilers assured two university presidents that Fraser would referee no more conference games this season.

Charges by gamblers and their friends that Fraser had been "fixing" major college games were brought to the attention of Dr. Harry Carbin, president of the University of Wichita, after the Wichita-Western Kentucky game at Wichita on Feb. 21. Last week the university gave *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* this statement:

"Official information regarding the assignment or withdrawal of basketball officials necessarily rests with the commissioner's office of the Missouri Valley Conference in St. Louis. Rumors of excessive gambling did come to the attention of the president of the University of Wichita last week. A report of these rumors was made to the commissioner of the Missouri Valley Conference,



SIDELINED REFEREE Johan Fraser, wearing neck brace as he stood in front of his Godfrey, Ill., home, said dejectedly: "Some Jew gamblers are out to get me. Nobody has a thing on me. . . ."

THE FIX AGAIN?



U. OF WICHITA PRESIDENT Dr. Harry Corbin took reports of news "affiliated" betting to FBI and MVC Boss Artie Eilers.



ST. LOUIS U. PRESIDENT Father Paul Reinert accompanied Corbin on mission which led to "suspension" of Referee John Fraser.

in cooperation with the president of St. Louis University, on Friday, Feb. 15, 1957. It then became a matter within the authority of Artie Eilers, Missouri Valley commissioner, to act upon."

Dr. Corbin later added some crucial facts: "The rumors I heard about gambling did not name any official. However I did hear a fragment of a rumor regarding Fraser. I reported the rumors to the Federal Bureau of Investigation and I then went to St. Louis where, after a conference with the Rev. Paul Reinert S.J., president of St. Louis University, he and I told Mr. Eilers of the rumors."

"Mr. Eilers said he had heard similar rumors, and that as a result of the rumors and the report made by Father Reinert and me he felt that for the best protection of the conference and for Fraser's protection he was withdrawing Fraser from all further MVC games this year."

Lester Rosen, who is in charge of the U. of Wichita's public relations, amplified Dr. Corbin's remarks in a conversation with our Wichita correspondent, Den Granger:

"Dr. Corbin and I talked again. We agreed that we ought to include some information in addition to that statement this afternoon. You see, he notified the FBI of the rumors. . . . He did this because he felt that the rumors indicated the activities might be of an interstate nature. He did not notify the local police. . . .

"Dr. Corbin was referring to the kind of gambling that isn't a matter of chance—certainly not of the friendly \$2 type. He felt we should take a look at it for a variety of factors, including off-limiting. And let me emphasize that Ralph Miller [Wichita coach] did not have anything to do

with Fraser's being replaced for the Wichita-Bradley game on Feb. 18."

In a series of conversations with me last week the commissioner wobbled a bit in his version of the facts, as these excerpts will show:

Boyle: What have you heard?

Eilers: Well, we have heard a lot of rumors. . . . We hear various rumors coming from various individuals and certain sources . . . rumors to the effect that he [Fraser] was associated with various sources.

B: Did you ask Fraser about this?

E: I asked Fraser and he denied it—a flat denial.

B: Just what did Wichita and St. Louis report to you?

E: I can't divulge everything that went into that report.

B: Well, why did you take him out of the games?

E: It was smart to take John out of there, in fairness to the conference. . . . I think the accusations are false because I just have all faith in the officials, that is the reason I work with them. . . . I thought it would be good for his own benefit not to work on Saturday or Monday in fairness to him and because of all these accusations going around.

B: Would you let Fraser referee another conference game now if he wasn't sick?

E: Yes, I would let him referee if he wasn't sick.

This, of course, is in contradiction to the assurance given Dr. Corbin and Father Reinert.

Fraser has been in trouble before in his career as a basketball referee. His difficulties began with the Big Ten

continued

continued

Conference, to which he filed an application for appointment in April 1953. He gave his age as 39, his height as 6 feet 1 inch, his weight as 197 pounds and his occupation as construction worker.

In the spring of 1956 Big Ten officials were told by friends of gamblers that Fraser had "influenced" a game. These officials were "unable to check out" the allegations, but admit they took the tips seriously enough so that they shed no tears when Fraser left their roster of referees.

When Fraser applied for the Big Ten job, he cited as character reference Arthur Ellers, and he now gave his full attention to the Missouri Valley Conference job. It was the responsibility of Big Ten officials to pass along the allegations about Fraser, and this responsibility was assumed by Walt Byers, NCAA Executive Director in Kansas City. Asked this week by *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*

what he had told Ellers about Fraser and what had been Ellers' reaction, Mr. Byers declined to comment.

In any case, Fraser has been regularly employed last year and this by the Missouri Valley Conference as one of its top referees.

The allegation now made by gamblers is that eight games in which Fraser worked were "fixed" at the behest of a betting ring (a ninth failed). These games are described in detail in the box on the opposite page.

In the 1951 basketball scandal the fixes were effected by players. But a referee can also influence the "point spread" in a game, which is the margin of victory. Basketball betting is widespread on a basis of the point spread. In any given game, team A is made a favorite by the bookies to win by a specific margin. The spread is principally determined by the team's logical chances and also by the floor of money wagered. If you bet on team A which is favored to win with a point spread of minus-8, this means that your team A has to win by at least 9



M.C. BOES Artie Ellers acted in response to gambling reports from university bookies.

points. Obviously, a dishonest referee can win a bet for someone else by unfairly calling fouls and violations on one side so that the point spread is affected.

It takes an estimated \$50,000 in betting to "move" a spread nationally in a major game by as much as 2 points. The gamblers' story is this: a point spread on each big game is established in the morning by bookmakers all over the country. When the smart money later makes a move on a given game it increases or decreases that point spread. While shifts in spread are not uncommon, they have been happening with suspicious regularity in the Missouri Valley Conference. In nine such cases, all were on strictly conference games! It turned out that the referee at that game was John Fraser, the Missouri Valley Conference does not release the names of its officials before the game.

John Fraser also runs a saloon called the Hitching Post in Godfrey, Ill. There he was found by Reporter-Photographer Art Shay last week. He was, surprisingly, fully aware of my investigation, and greeted Shay with carls and obscenities, ending angrily:

"I'm just about a nervous wreck this week. Somebody from Minneapolis called me, the commissione called me. What are you *lek* — up to? Somebody's gonna get hurt if they don't let up on me. You don't have a — thing on me—nobody does. Basketball is my whole life. I never bet on a basketball game in my life."

No matter whether Fraser's wrath is fueled by innocence or guilt, Commissioner Evers clearly owes his referee, his conference—and basketball—a thorough investigation. **END.**

HOW A REFEREE COULD FIX A GAME

The nature of the game and the rules by which it is played make basketball, of all the major sports, peculiarly vulnerable to the fix by a dishonest official. In every game literally dozens of "judgment" calls must be made which will reward scores made by one team and at least directly to scores by another.

By rule, basketball is a non-body-contact sport. Every time there is body contact, the referee must first decide whether or not a foul was committed. If it was, he must decide who was at fault, and call it. In today's college games, points made as a result of fouls often constitute more than a third of a team's total score.

For example, if player A dribbles in for a layup and makes contact with player B as he shoots, the referee should call a foul. If the shot goes in and the referee also decides that player B was guilty of blocking, the result can be as much as 3 points for team A. If, instead, the referee decides that player A was charging, the result can be no points for team A and 2 points for team B—a swing of 6 points on a single play. And the referee's split-second judgment—based on observation—is the single deciding factor.

Other judgment calls can decide possession of the ball which, obviously, determines which team may score in the immediately subsequent action. One of the most important—and debatable—of these is the "travelling" call, which is made when a player in possession of the ball takes two

complete steps before releasing it. Unfair rules against a team for traveling can knock it completely off stride and seriously influence the outcome of a game.

Another difficult judgment area is the five- or six-player battle for a rebound. Who blocked out whom (legally)? Who pushed whom? How long should the referee allow the melee to continue before he calls it a needless foul ball? The dishonest official can make his decisions on the basis of his knowledge that at some he may be accused of an error in judgment.

This list brings up the question of how the actions of a dishonest official can be detected. In every game each coach is ready on the instant to argue judgment decisions against his team. But even if he feels he has been treated unfairly many times through a game, a coach will rarely protest to league or conference officials about a referee's conduct. One reason is a desire to avoid being tagged a chronic complainer or cry baby. Another is a reluctance to inspire in his players aullen, resentful attitude toward referees. But, most important, is the fact that even if he can prove, with film of the game, that the referee did indeed make many bad judgment calls, all he will have proved is that on this particular night the referee made some mistakes. Unless a group of coaches in a league joins in mutual suspicion of a referee and analyzes the films of many games to find a pattern of judgment decisions, nothing will ever result.

HERE IS THE GAMBLERS' STORY

Changes in point spreads aroused suspicions in these nine games, refereed by John Fraser. In all save one, "smart money" won heavily

The Missouri Valley Conference includes schools from Houston to Detroit. In list below, Ohio State, Yale, Seattle, Oklahoma City and Western Kentucky are not MVC members. These were non-conference games. All other teams are members.



Dec. 8 St. Louis at Ohio State	Abnormal amount of money bet on Ohio State. State went from minus-6 points in opening line to 8½ at closing.	St. Louis scored 23 field goals; State scored 25. But State won by 20 points (74-54) because 23 fouls were called against St. Louis, only 10 against State.
Dec. 27 Yale at Bradley	"Very big move." So much money bet on Bradley that it moved to minus-16 before bookies took the game off the boards.	By first five minutes, Yale's top rebounder (Robinson) had four fouls against him, later fouled out. Bradley had 47 foul shots, Yale 30. Bradley won 72-49.
Jan. 7 Tulsa at Houston	The big bettors first backed favored Houston, moved the line to minus-4½. Then they poured it in on Tulsa.	Tulsa won by only one point, 65-64, but the big money was safe by 5 points, since the gamblers would have collected even if Houston had won by up to 4 points.
Jan. 11 Seattle at Oklahoma City	"A real late move." Oklahoma City opened at minus-7, big money pushed it to minus-6 by betting on Seattle.	Gamblers won all bets though they backed the underdog (Seattle 70, OCU 69). OCU actually scored more field goals (23) than Seattle (19), but foul calls gave Seattle 31 tries to OCU's 16.
Jan. 17 Houston at Bradley	Big money bet on Bradley, which opened the favorite at minus-14, moved to 14½ quickly and went off the board at 17.	Three Houston starters fouled out of game. Bradley won by 17 points (81-64). The gamblers collected on all bets they had made ranging from minus-14 to minus-18½.
Feb. 2 Detroit at Drake	Detroit opened the favorite at minus-5½ but the gamblers bet on Drake and kept betting until the game went off the boards.	The gamblers won all bets when Drake won 85-65.
Feb. 4 St. Louis at Drake	The only suspected fix that didn't stand up. St. Louis opened at minus-9 and went to 12 because of big money betting.	St. Louis had to win by more than 9 at least to pay off some of gamblers' bets. Total of 25 fouls called against Drake gave St. Louis 44 tries (as against 18 and 22 for Drake), but St. Louis won by only 6-78-72.
Feb. 11 Detroit at Houston	Gamblers bet on Houston, which opened at minus-6, pushed it to minus-9 before signing off.	Houston went off to early lead, led by 14 at half and won 82-72. Gamblers collected on all bets.
Feb. 13 Western Kentucky at Wichita	Wichita opened the favorite at minus-8. Gamblers bet heavily on W. Ky. until line fell to minus-5.	This was the biggest coup of all as Western Kentucky won 82-75. Foul calls were unimportant here. The gamblers were almost never in danger of losing.

HIGH ROLLERS IN DETROIT

Serious bowling and a rollicking good time bring top executives and professional men to Detroit by private plane, motorcycle-escorted limousine and special train from as far off as England for the 42nd annual Inter-Club tournament between the Detroit, Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Buffalo athletic clubs

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOE FLANN



STOGIE-CHEWING Walter Ward, Cleveland, tournament's only "pro," won all-around, rolled match "savage" 17-over-bowled.



SUITE OF EXECUTIVES (clockwise from left) Frank Larson, Detroit, president; Carnegie Mellon Drugg; John Lomas, Pittsburgh; Merle Marlowe; Alex Squire, England, auto part; Ted Kirland, Buffalo, banker; Tex Munkelberg, Detroit, Automaton; Hubber.





OPEN MOUTHED Jet Backus, Detroit, former Inter-Club singles and doubles champion, applesauce to ball.



OLDTIMER APPLAUDS good ball in tournament. After being picked off teams by younger fans, oldtimers started own tourney.



BUFFET FARE is served in the Detroit AC gym. Three-day affair was open except for female entertainers such as blonde-singled Aristocrat Lou Kane. (opposite page), accompanied by Sam Arentage of the Hospitality Committee.



TONGUE-BINDING LOREING ARCHER EYES PING. CLEVELAND WOH CLUB TITLE

GUNSMOKE OVER THE DESERT

With a roar of gunfire at Las Vegas, the 10th Annual Mid Winter Trapshooting Tournament exploded across the dry cactus-studded Nevada desert, drowning out the hauntingly familiar rattle of the ivories. From all over the nation an

unprecedented 600 shooters crowded onto the magnificent Sahara Gun Club's 14-trap range, shattered a record 400,000 clay targets during a hectic, fun-filled week-long bid for belging cash purses and a roomful of glittering silverware



FANCY FEATHERS plume hat of Margaret Aakrann of bird-rich Minot, N. Dak.



SWEET SIXTEEN and one of top lady champions is Helen Thomas of Los Angeles.



GLAMOROUSLY EXPERT Ruthie Priem, Reno, boasts chest of trap trophies.



BEAMING PRAISE of young rival rewards Shooter Sonner Hollingsworth (right).



SPORTY COWBOY Danny Orlich is hot trapshot representing Harold's Club, Reno.



DEBONAIR CAP distinguishes Aircraft Executive Red Hale of Van Nuys, Calif.



HANDSOME SHOTGUNS STAND IDLE AS SHOOTERS IN BACKGROUND DROP CLAY BIRDS OVER BEAUTIFULLY EQUIPPED SAHARA GUN CLUB RANGE

OUT-OF-SEASON GEESE, undisturbed by gunfire, cruise listlessly over frustrated shooters, who mutter imprecations.



DESERT-HOAMING BURRO, fascinated by sizzling, wanders along shooting range for better view and possible handout.



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

ALL IS NOT GOLD • VIEW ALONG A DIRTY ALLEY • FASTEST
SKELETONS ON EARTH • FISH AND CHIPS OF CHEESE • THE
BROOKLYNE LOOK WESTWARD • NINE POINTS IN THE BIG TEN

ARAGON DOWN

CALIFORNIA used to be fondly proud of Art Aragon, the welterweight known as Golden Boy. He had Hollywood looks, and he was an impressive number of victories over carefully selected opponents in the prize rings of the state. Lately, California has been having second thoughts.

On Dec. 18, Aragon was scheduled to fight Dick Goldstein in San Antonio, but the fight never took place. Aragon having developed a slight fever on the night of the bout. Goldstein then accused the Golden Boy of offering him \$500 to take a dive in the fourth round (SI, Jan. 7). Lie detector tests and concomitant evidence resulted in Aragon's being banned in all NBA-regulated states and in the withholding of his 1957 California license. Last month a California grand jury indicted him on a charge of trying to fix the San Antonio fight, and last week a jury convicted him. Sentence is to be handed down March 21 and the useful Golden Boy could receive up to five years in prison, a \$5,000 fine, or both. It appears in any event—as a California official put it—that Aragon's boxing future is "very doubtful."

The prosecution offered a comment on the verdict. "Very definitely," said Deputy District Attorney William J. Ritzl, "the jury opinion indicates the thought that boxing is very dirty and should be cleaned up."

FEIGENBUTZ UP

ILLINOIS boxing commissioners have long taken the stand that nothing is wrong with boxing in Illinois. "If we had a local problem here," Commissioner Lou Radzienda has asked, "do you think we'd sit on our butts?"

The definitive answer came last week from Governor William (Billy

the Kid) Stratton, whose appointments to the commission have always been notable. Notably, for instance, Radzienda, who is a friend of hookies. Notably, also, Frank Gilmer, who refereed the first Basilio-Saxton fight. Stratton's third: William Henry Feigenbutz, who came to aldermanic prominence in the reign of Mayor William Hale Thompson of Chicago and whose first connection with boxing was, appropriately, in the days when it was illegal and he was a trainer. Governor Stratton flipped a dollop of whipped cream on this strawberry by reappointing Radzienda.

Feigenbutz, it must be admitted, sounds like a commissioner, a man who is fiercely for the right and has no idea what's wrong.

"I'm for good clean fights," says Feigenbutz. "I'll do anything to straighten out the mess—if there is a mess."

And then, thinking back on his career, he recalls the time when he was Big Bill Thompson's alderman for the 45th Ward.

"I took my job seriously," he says. "Every Sunday morning I would drive through the alleys in my ward to see if they were kept clean by the garbage men. I had the cleanest alleys in Chicago."

Let Commissioner Feigenbutz regard Chicago boxing as a dirty alley.

SKELETONS AT 80 MPH

IT IS DOUBTLESS LIKE ANY OF MAN'S EVIL TRICKS, give him so shocking an acquaintance with speed as a "skeleton"—the 3½-foot, 150-pound, tubular steel version of childhood's sled—which is used to run the curving and precipitous Cresta course at St. Moritz. Last week the cream of the Cresta runners—a daring brotherhood which

continued

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• Casey and K.C.

Casey Stengel, who not long ago said he contemplated no trades, shuffled off nine players to Kansas City for one strong-arm pitcher (Art Ditmar) and one possible relief pitcher (Bobby Shantz). For the A's, it was a hefty transfusion of major league blood, type O (for ordinary). It may relieve Case of the need for carefully dealing a tricky deck of pitchers again.

• Deliberate Delay

No one yet knows how fast Ran Delany can run the indoor mile. In the National AAU meet, Fred Dwyer and Lennie Taylor, who hoped to beat him with a killing pace, took turns leading the pack, misjudged the pace (too slow), saw Delany sprint by in the last two laps for a comfortable (4:37) victory.

• A Lift for Navy

Navy, after a football power, has been held back in basketball because of its 6-foot-4 "ceiling" on midpositions. Last fall Navy raised the ceiling to 6 feet 6½; now the plebe team has four men over 6 feet 4, has won 13 straight.

• Campbell's Alligator Soup?

Seeking a site for a try at his own speedboat record (216.2 mph), England's Don Campbell may turn to Lake George, N.Y. He turned down Lake Okechobee, Fla.: "It wouldn't do *Jaws* much good if we hit an alligator at 250 miles per hour ... wouldn't do the guitar much good, either."

includes barons, dukes and green-grocers—flung themselves, one by one, down the course's icy trough in the Grand National, biggest race of the season. Most of them reached fantastic speeds. But, as usual, none came close to the king of skeleton racing, a lean, 38-year-old former Royal Canadian Air Force wing commander named Doug Connor.

In winning the Grand National, Connor reached speeds close to 90 miles an hour. This was as expected. The



winner, now the owner of an English aircraft engine overhaul company, has been racing only five years, but in that time, he has cut 6 1/10 of a second off a Cresta record which stood for 17 years (56.7 seconds for 1,329 yards, set by U.S. Airman Billy Fisk) and has won and won every major race.

The Cresta skeleton is a rigid sled with razor-sharp runners, and the driver steers and brakes it simply by shifting his weight and dragging the spiked toe of a heavy shoe behind him. How does one react as the sled plummets with its human cargo down the steep and glass-like ice? To find out, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Correspondent Tom Doniec got crawling from Connor, and then, donning leather elbow and knee pads, helmet, shatter-proof goggles and steel hand shields, he took a skeleton down Cresta's swooping curves himself.

"For sheer thrill and the exultation that results from the conquest of fear," he reports, "there is nothing like the Cresta Run. The course is an ice-paved, five-foot ditch which drops 514 feet in its 1,329 yards. The steel skeleton, which weighs, with rider, about 300 pounds, simply takes off downhill at a speed horrifying to someone who is lying with his face three inches from the rubbing, brutal ice.

"The sensation of tearing into vertically banked, 90° Bartleboore [one of the course's big turns] and then being thrown into the jolting whoosh of Shuttlecock [the next] before you have time to think is bad enough. But as you come out of Shuttlecock, smashing your steel-protected hands against the icy walls of the run, you zoom down a terrifying straightaway, directly at a narrow passage under a highway bridge. Then into a short, hard turn. Then into a narrow hole under a railway bridge and into two wrenching

small curves called Segla and Charlydda. By then you begin to feel it's almost over—and fly into a terrifying plunge called Cresta Leap, where the skeleton actually leaves the ice for half a second, and then—finally—into a long curve and past the finish line.

"Sweating in the freezing cold but euphoric, I fell off into the snow and listened to my time over the loud-speaker: 69.9 seconds. A long way from Connor's 44.6 for that section of the course but O.K. for a novice. I was just a little shamefaced to learn that Baron von Görtzen, a World War I flying ace who now lives in South Africa, had come down just ahead of me and had beaten my time by a 16th of a second. The Baron is 63 years old.

"Connor says there are only two requisites to Cresta running: fearlessness and concentration. You must also know the course and have fast reflexes. But all I know is that the thrill is overwhelming and that there is nothing quite like looking back up from the bottom and wondering how—and why—you did it."

Correspondent Doniec did earn a couple of incidental rewards. Any man who finishes the Cresta Run (96 veterans and 143 novices last year) may wear in his lapel the Cresta's red-and-white badge of honor, which entitles him to 1) instant identification by fellow members anywhere in the world and 2) a 20% discount on champagne at St. Moritz's Kulm hotel bar.

ABATEMENT PROCEEDINGS

THE TROUT's stature as a game fish, and his place in literature and in the hearts and minds of generations of anglers, hinges largely on 1) his beauty, 2) his willingness to rise to an artificial fly and 3) the fact that he is strangely selective in his choice of insects and even worms and is difficult to catch. For hundreds of years he has provided man with a charming mystery. But in California, fishermen by the thousands have depressed with sporting suspense; the state puts 7.5 million hatchery fish in its lakes and streams annually, and anglers have discovered that every one of them is a sucker for what might be described as a Dagwood bait—Ever and Velveta cheese.

Liver's appeal is easy enough to understand, since the trout are fed on it in hatchery ponds until they are planted in open water. Nobody seems to know just why they lose their caution when confronted with a piece of Velveta, but ever since a 12-year-old began catching trout with it in San Francisco's Lake Merced the word of their easy gullibility has spread like wild-fire. Last week, in an attempt to save both fish and fishermen from their own baser instincts, the California State Fish and Game Commission held a hearing at which the public was invited to show cause why both baits should not be forever banned.

"We'd save money if we just built fishing ponds at each hatchery," said Commissioner Carl Wente, a fly fisherman. "If all the public wants is fish, give them a net. We'd save on overhead. I never thought anyone would be so low as to use Ever."

If male fishermen were abused by this indignant summation—as some of them seemed to be—they were still stubbornly opposed to any ban of cheese and liver. To counteract it some of them asked their wives to advance a momish and politically potent argument: that women and children are generally unskilled in the use of flies and lures, find natural baits distasteful, and, after all, have rights too. "It's a lot to expect the average woman to

go fishing with worms," said Mrs. Arline Howey, a housewife of Summit, Calif. "They wiggle. Have you ever seen a hellgrammite? They're horrible." But males spoke up too. George Parker, chairman of the San Diego Fish and Game Commission, advocated "any kind of bait to get that 73¢-a-pound trout out of the water."



In the end the commission decided to ban liver—and, in fact, all meat of any bird or mammal—as trout bait but to allow cheese for at least another year. Although no mention was made of the latter, other decisions would doubtless have caused great pressure from commercial interests, since California fishing tackle jobbers have laid in \$2 million worth of a new, unappealingly delicious bait: cheese-dipped salmon eggs.

Ah, Theodore Gordon! Ah, Isaac Walton! Ah, yummymmm!

THE WAY WEST

IN THE PREVIOUS chapter, the Brooklyn Dodgers were still located in Ebbets Field with a lease running through the 1968 season, but President Walter O'Malley was restless. He had gone on record as saying: "In 1966,

continued

continued

we are going to play a full schedule of games somewhere other than Ebbets Field."

O'Malley had made it abundantly clear that the Dodgers' old home with its 32,000-seat capacity was substantial in terms of today's and tomorrow's baseball economics. If the place were filled for each of the Dodgers' 77 home games—an obvious improbability—the team would play to scarcely more people in a season than the Braves have averaged in their new Milwaukee ball park.

A third generation Brooklynite with all the local chauvinism of the species, O'Malley kept saying he wanted to keep the Dodgers in Brooklyn. He has even filed the Dodger colors to the point where they can afford to put up \$4.5 million toward a new home in Brooklyn, but it will take about \$8.5 million to build the kind of 50,000-seat stadium he wants, with a rollback plastic dome for all-year, all-weather sports. The additional funds would have to come from a public bond issue authorized by the City of New York. According to O'Malley's timetable, the project must be under way by next October, since it will take at least two and a half years to complete.

The feeling has been—particularly among the authorities who will have to okay such a municipal project—that O'Malley must be kidding. The Dodgers move out of Brooklyn? Impossible.

Last week, they had reason to think again in the latest installment of the Dodgers saga was released. In a surprise deal cooked up between O'Malley and Philip K. Wrigley, owner of the Chicago Cubs, the Dodgers acquired the Cubs' Pacific Coast League franchise in Los Angeles along with Wrigley Field, the Los Angeles Angels' ball park. Reduced to its simplest terms, this meant that O'Malley had bought the Dodgers a prospective new home in Los Angeles on the contingency that New York City fails to make a new Brooklyn ball park feasible by October.

Only it isn't quite that simple. Take the seemingly elementary problem of moving the Dodgers from a playing field in Brooklyn to one in Los Angeles. First, they must have the unanimous consent of the seven other teams in the National League. And because of the expense of traveling to the West Coast for a short series of games, the other teams would be unlikely to consent unless one other of their number

moved to a relatively nearby city. That focuses momentary attention on the New York Giants, whose Polo Grounds are to be torn down after the 1962 season to make way for a housing project. In lean years only the Giants' lucrative interborough rivalry with the Dodgers has saved them from financial migraines. When it was the turn of Horace Stoneham, owner of the Giants, to speak, he spoke: "After all, if we couldn't retain our rivalry, New York might not be so attractive."

As the possibility of major league baseball becomes a view, Los Angeles was in something of a swirl. The local folk quickly conceded that their Wrigley Field, with a mere 24,000 seats and very little parking space, was too small for a community of nearly 5 million potential ball fans. They were already talking about spending \$30 million to bulldoze an attractive site out of a narrow canyon called Chavez Ravine just a spit and a holler from city hall. There would be seats for 50,000 and parking space for 20,000 cars—a must in this completely motorized metropolis. It was even suggested that with the coming of the jet age, when the Atlantic and Pacific coasts will be only three or four hours apart, New Yorkers could get to a Dodger game in Chavez Ravine in less time than it now takes to reach Ebbets Field.

Five hundred miles to the north, San Francisco, the ancient rival of Los Angeles, was enjoying the same rosy dream. Several years ago the city voted a \$4 million bond issue to build a major league park in the downtown area just in case one of the eastern

clubs might be interested in settling there. Last year the Boston Red Sox bought the San Francisco PCL franchise, but they could probably be persuaded to part with it if a National League club would put up something in the neighborhood of \$2 million.

The next chapter in the serial will now have to be written by the City of New York some time before next October. Should they fail to get busy, O'Malley and his Dodgers will almost surely head west like so many other overcrowded, ill-housed Easterners. In that event, major league baseball will be a coast-to-coast reality no later than 1964.

NINE POINTS, CONTINUED

THE BIG TEN (once formally, the Intercollegiate Conference of Faculty Representatives) has finally agreed on a code for financial aid to athletes that adds up as a practical marriage of realism and idealism. It took a year to prepare and revise (SI, Oct. 29), and even so four of the member colleges (Iowa, Minnesota, Northwestern and Ohio State) had strong reservations when it came to voting for it. It is slightly better than 10 pages, it lays down a set of rules—and penalties—that closely parallel many of the Nine Points for Survival advanced by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and Herman Rickman last August.

The crux of the Big Ten program is that it limits financial aid to a "student-athlete" to whatever it will cost him to get an education at the college he chooses. Hereafter, he is to get only enough money to cover room, board, books, tuition and such essential expenses as laundry. Any money he earns either on or off campus must be deducted from the total aid supplied by the college; and likewise, any money his parents can reasonably be expected to provide will also be deducted. What he earns during vacations is his own to keep, but any job he holds must be legitimate, i.e., he must actually do the work and receive no more than the going rate for that job.

"The important thing I see in this," says Assistant Big Ten Commissioner William Reed, "is that it is tied up with an educational principle. If we can get recognition of that principle—that athletics is a form of educational experience—it would solve all the other problems. It would distinguish college sports from professional ball."

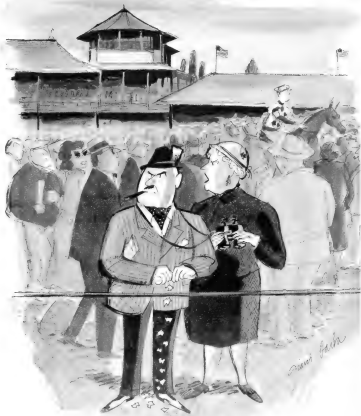
Well, it is a good start, and the whole country will be watching to see how it works.



WINDBAG

He pulled out his chest
At the strongmen's convention,
And set a new record
For athletic ascension.

—JOHN BISHOP



"It's it, Nostalgia, and the old times."

TERROR: 342 SECONDS WITH BASILIO

by MARTIN HANE

The last act of *Carmen* in the Basilio-Saxton opera was a reign of frightfulness and when the curtain came down there was no longer doubt as to who was the welterweight hero

THREE CAME TO MIND the picture of Jack Dempsey at Toledo, with steel-hard fury in his fists, battering down the helpless hulk, Jess Willard. Johnny Saxton was no dull Willard, of course. He was a good welterweight champion of high defensive skills. But Champion Carmen Basilio on this night in Cleveland was a 147-pound Dempsey, trained to perhaps the keenest fighting edge of his career, a vicious little man who came out of his corner like a sprinter off the starting blocks. With no thought of defending himself he devoted every second thereafter to an obsession, the destruction of Johnny Sax-

ton. He ignored Saxton's jabs. He drove his gloved fists into Saxton's liver and heart, he rocked Saxton's head with lefts and rights and he never paused to consider what to do next. He just did it.

"Pace yourself," his mind warned him. "You can't keep this up all night." He believed he did pace himself, that he slowed down a trifle toward the end of the first round, but witnesses detected no special slackening in the speed of his attack. Regardless of what his brain advised, Carmen Basilio could no more ease up than a pit bull terrier could give quarter.

So the third of the Basilio-Saxton

fights was the thriller of them all, not because there was much opposition from Saxton—there was practically none—but because Basilio had come to prove that subtlety and deviousness are no match for his kind of fighting.

Saxton had made it plain before the bout that never again would he stand and slug it out with Basilio, as he had bravely and foolishly tried when he was all but knocked out in the ninth round of their second fight. He would, he said, revert to type and try to win points with his normal jab-and-retreat style, a tactic that had won him a most dubious decision in Chicago.

The fans knew Saxton's plan, and many of the 8,500 booed him when he climbed the steps of the Arena ring. But almost from the opening bell they were cheering in frenzy as Basilio disclosed his own plan to counter what his challenger referred to as "science and skill." It was, very simply, to force his way past Saxton's jab and to punch as hard and fast and unrelentingly as superb condition would let him.

Basilio's bruised right hand, which had caused one postponement of the fight, was not altogether healed. At the weigh-in he tucked it protectively into a jacket pocket and shook hands with his left. But in the ring there was no sign that he favored the right. He threw it hard and often.

"The hand was all right," he said afterward, peeling an orange in the dressing room. "When I'm fighting I don't notice pain."

So, in the very first round, the third punch that Basilio threw was a right to Saxton's hard head. And in the very first minute Saxton was staggered by another right to the jaw, a cross that

A STUDY IN MOODS, CHICAGO AND CLEVELAND



THE GLUM LOOK of a fight manager and his beaten tiger shows in the face of Joe Netro (about Basilio, left) after the Chicago defeat; but victory beams broadly at right.



BASILIO'S SUNDAY PUNCH, A LEFT, STARTS ON ITS PARALYZING WAY IN THE SECOND ROUND WITH SAXTON AN EASY TARGET

was followed instantly by a left hook. The combination slowed Saxton so that he was unable thereafter to run backward fast enough to get out of the way. He was caught on the ropes three times and was groggy at the bell. At least five smashing rights had landed on Saxton's head during those first three minutes. One of them set Saxton's mouth to bleeding but in Basilio's opinion they were not so important as his body blows. These must have been among the most punishing any fighter of his weight ever delivered. Basilio is properly proud of his infighting.

"The head shots were all right," he said, "but those punches to the body, that's what takes it out of them."

They took so much out of Saxton

that he was scarcely able to defend himself in the second round. Basilio battered him from rope to rope. At one point he hooked a left cleanly into Saxton's solar plexus and almost ended the fight. Saxton's big, staring eyes turned glassy and one of his legs jerked in a convulsive movement.

"I knew I had him," Basilio said. "I could see it in his eyes."

Saxton fought on with wonderful courage. He took more body blows, more head blows, and in the end Basilio was hitting him at will, a little wildly in his eagerness. Then a sweeping left hook found the button on Saxton's jaw. He went down, flat on his back, totally unconscious. Somehow he struggled to his feet at what may or may not

have been the count at 10; the crowd was roaring so that it was impossible to hear—and so he did so. Referee Tony LaZarone encircled his arms to signal a knockout. He had to guide Saxton to his corner. Two minutes and 42 seconds of the second round had gone by, but to Saxton this brief period must have been an eternity of punishment.

"What I'd like now," Carmen Basilio said an hour or two later, opening a bottle of beer at the International Boxing Club's press headquarters, "is a shot at the middleweight title. I'll take Ray Robinson or Gene Fullmer, whoever wins. I like to fight."

"Thank God I wasn't hurt," said Johnny Saxton, suffering from a psychosomatic condition. END

IT'S GLORIOUS SPRING DOWN SOUTH

The calendar says it's still winter, but for baseball fans the season is definitely spring. In Florida and Arizona the major league training camps are in high gear

BASEBALL MEN love the spring. They love the summer, too, especially when the pennant races are sizzling. They love the fall, when the long season ends in the great climax of the World Series. They even love the winter, when they can rest or go to meetings and banquets and meet old friends and talk it all over.

But mostly they love the spring.

They love spring the way a gardener does, because it's a rebirth, a renewal, another chance to watch the old, familiar, but always different pageant of life. Spring means it's time to plant new things and watch them grow (a likely-looking rookie is a seed of hope), time to see if old plants can be nurtured through yet another year (for hardy perennial substitute hardy veteran, an Enos Slaughter or an Ellis Kinder).

Baseball men love spring so much that years ago they stopped waiting for spring to come to them and instead went out and made their own spring in the Deep South in the dead of winter. They thus created an artificial season in the American lexicon, one that starts when snow is on the ground in Wrigley Field or the Polo Grounds but which everyone nonetheless calls spring training.

Spring training has been going on to some extent here and there for a month now, but this week it shifts into high gear. March 1 is the day when all the players on all the major league teams are expected to be in camp in uniform hard at work. Every day from now until April 15, when the first game of the regular season is played, major league ballplayers in 16 training sites in Arizona and Florida will run and slide and field and throw and hit. And every day baseball men—in uniform and out—will watch and thrill to the sight of it all.

Put a baseball man like Casey Stengel in uniform and place a bat in his hands. Let an alert photographer like Hy Peskin happen by, and presto, you have the scene pictured on the opposite page. Consider it. When you get right down to it, what is a 66-year-old man doing with a bat in his hands? If he actually tried to stand up to the

plate with a bat against the likes of a Herb Score he'd be killed. Then why the bat?

Well, undoubtedly Stengel has thought of one more variation in the ancient theme he knows so well and he's playing it, with the bat as his instrument, for two of his Yankees—Bill Skowron (with gloer) and brash Billy Martin. His aim is not to amuse but to inform, because Manager Stengel devoutly believes that the more you put into a player the more you'll get out, someday, in a game. (The garden reflects the work of the gardener.)

Now, that is the prime reason why Casey is at the bat. But there are other reasons. One has to be that Casey, like all baseball fans, young or old, likes the feel of a bat. And, like all people who are in love with baseball, he has an unquenchable need to talk about the game. And because people in love with baseball like to listen, too, he will be heard. Let Skowron and Martin turn their eyes to the diamond, let the baseball writers drift away, Stengel will always have an audience.

Look again at the picture opposite. Above Stengel, behind the protective screen, a man nibbles thoughtfully on his hand, watches intently and listens. He is Joseph E. Cronin, vice-president, treasurer and general manager of the Boston Red Sox. He managed an American League pennant winner before Stengel was ever in the league. He was so great a player that he was elected to baseball's Hall of Fame, an honor that Stengel, a very good player himself, did not attain. Cronin played in 2,124 major league games and has seen at least a thousand more. Think of the sheer quantity of experience he possesses. Yet here he sits, fascinated by the sight and sound of an old man with a bat talking about baseball. True, the man is the unique Stengel, who could fascinate the Sphinx. But rest assured that Cronin, as a baseball man and a baseball fan, would be caught and held by almost any baseball man talking baseball, or any player playing.

Particularly in the spring, when it's all so fresh and new again.

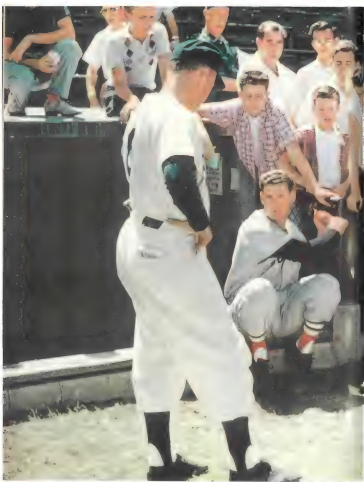
—ROBERT CREAMER

Spring-training spectators, behind screens, have close-up listening post for Casey Stengel lectures



players, small boys and sport-shirted onlooker crowd around Ted Williams demonstrating batting techniques





Here worship and professional curiosity blend together in a typically informal spring-training setting as Doc C



Palm trees wave in the background while sun-drenched fans watch Minnie Minoso swing with midseason form

TAMPA BAY: A LIVELY CORNER ON SPRING BASEBALL

by HORACE SUTTON

THE FLORIDA GULF COAST, which has cornered the market on white sand, shuffleboards and sepiapagiarisms, also has a near monopoly on spring baseball. In the short strip of water-washed province from Clearwater south to Sarasota, a distance of perhaps 50 miles as the locker-room rumor flies, no fewer than seven ball clubs are dug in, waiting for April as impatiently as lovers.

Tampa, where the big planes come in from the North, is no real resort city but, once in town to look over the White Sox or the Cincinnati Redlegs, visitors can cruise down to the docks to watch the white motorships up from Central America discharge their green bananas, or the fleet of 250 shrimp boats, most of them operated by Negro crews, edge into harbor from longer excursions off the Campeche shrimp banks. Nor would I miss a look at the fantasia of the University of Tampa, housed in the old Tampa Bay Hotel, which opened in 1891 complete with 13 silver minarets and uncanted Moorish arches. Although it was said to be a copy of the Alhambra, its Victorian red-brick walls and the bearded water oaks that surround it tend to disrupt the illusion.

Aside from this faint echo of Granada, Tampa has, in the district known as Ybor City, some 40,000 Latinos, most of whose antecedents moved with the cigar industry as it migrated from Havana to Key West and finally to the Gulf Coast. The 100 cigar factories of Ybor City turn out 3 million cigars a day, and most of them will welcome visitors. (Check the Chamber of Commerce, as visiting hours change.) There is no saving if you buy stogies where they are put together; the only advantage is guaranteed freshness.

Two famous Spanish restaurants in Ybor City, Las Novedades and Columbia, are in hot competition to peddle a paella. Las Novedades is built like a Moorish courtyard, with orange trees in the corner and a *luncheonette* of some-

less, more-Sardist than Seville, slung over the grillwork windows. It has that slightly sooty air of a true gourmet corner—you can order crawfish nine different ways—but there is also a table d'hôte dinner at \$3.50 which includes Spanish beans, Spanish mixed salad, sea bass, Spanish yellow rice with chick-on, egg mustard and inky coffee. There is a coffee and pastry shop adjoining where you can pick a kind of deflated napoleon, called a *schurito*, or a guava turnover out of the banks of cakes.

On the other hand, Columbia is an awesome maze of nine dining enclosures, the most elegant of which is the Siboney Room, where the waiters nose golf sacks and there is a regular show, usually imported from Spain. Testudo don't stroll the other suites, where diners can pick dinner (\$2.50 to \$4) from a 25-page menu that has everything from a chicken sandwich to Spanish squid and rice.

A CUBAN DAGWOOD

Anybody in a hurry for the ball park might look into the Silver Ring on East Broadway, an unpretentious short-order den where a meat-slicer works in one window, a sandwich-maker in the other, their joint product being a Cuban Dagwood which includes ham, pork, salami, cheese, mustard, lettuce, tomato and pickle, all mounted on foot-long Cuban bread. Price: 90¢, 35¢ if you leave off the lettuce and tomato.

The Redlegs stay at the Floridan and train at Cusden Park, and the White Sox put up at the Tampa Terrace and work out at Al Lopez Field, a handsome cantilevered stadium on five minutes from the airport and named, of course, for the local sportsman, who is to Tampa approximately what Napster is to Conira. Also within shooting distance of the runways is the Cigar City Gun Club, where a man's sights are just as likely to be filled with a plane as a pigeon.

The Philadelphia Phillies are tucked away in the modest resort of Clearwater on the Gulf of Mexico, dead won-

of Tampa. The Fort Harrison Hotel where they stay is seated with the usual effluvia of hair tonic and cigars, but in the back it has appended a curvy pool, a putting green and a collection of tubs and chairs where bathers can eat and drink. The coffee shop is better than par, and the rooms run \$10 to \$15 single, \$13 to \$20 double, all with bath.

Gulf Coast resorts from Clearwater south all the way to Fort Myers offer most of their swimming on the white sand keys that lie just offshore, near enough in most cases to be reachable over a runway. Clearwater Beach is public and unpretentious, with gulls swooping overhead, the wind rustling through the dry fronds, an artist making sand paintings and a sign warning visitors that no alcohol, obscene language, or more than one towel per person will be tolerated on the beach.

That starchy swank of past patrician days is still preserved, however, in the neighboring community of Belleair, particularly at a reamined presence known as the Belleair Biltmore, where once upon a time the private railway cars of society's pillars were stacked up at the hotel's private siding like Eldorado Cadillac today. Anyway, the grounds, roughly the size of Rhode Island, are dotted with white frame buildings, tennis courts and a pair of 18-hole golf courses. Meals are served in a skylight-covered armory, the tables set out on either side of a 100-yard straightaway. There are 375 aging rooms, \$36 to \$46 for two, American plan, and a boat will fetch you to and from the clubhouse beach club.

One of the most delightful excursions is the rule up to Tarpon Springs just 12 miles north of Clearwater where a colony of several thousand Greeks sail out in their curved-hewn *catamarans* to comb the floor of the Gulf for sponge. If you have 25 minutes and a dollar to spend, the Greeks will take you downstream a few yards and give you a sponge lecture while a diver goes over

continued

continued

the side, to demonstrate their courage.

Jappes Restaurant, nestled among the sparse stalls on the dark, gray, who has a branch in St. Petersburg, is a marvel if you stay with such Greek dishes as pitas, a sort of Aegean lasagne flavoured with tomatoes, Greek salad, which has ome, a Greek water-cress grown locally by an Italian immigrant, yellow Salamis peppers, black olives and chunky feta cheese, all imported from the old country; and Gyro, a Hellenic hamburger which, since it is flavoured with mint, comes with its own built-in digestive. A tiny shack known as Sophia's next door serves Turkish coffee and Greek pastry supplied by Tampa Springs' three Greek bakeries.

Known at St. Petersburg, at the corner of Tampa Bay and the Gulf of Mexico, the annual arrival of the Yankees and Cardinals, both of whom train here, does serve to lighten the average age of transients. But no one ought to labor under the notion that St. Pete is all cures and curatives. At Mirror Lake Park the members of the Lawn Bowling Club, Inc. bowl on the sandy lawn, shuffleboarders push the pellets by day and under floodlights at night, often to a full grandstand of spectators, and the rogue players swing their abbreviated croquet mallets with stacking gusto, sending the hard-rubber ball careening off the octagonal steel-sided court toward wirelets that leave only one-sixteenth of an inch clearance on either side. Across the street in the Coliseum there is dancing in a huge ballroom, and down on the pier the city gives square-dance lessons daily. Twice a

week the Kids and Kubs, a pair of teenage transients, are required to say "happy birthday" to be eligible, play each other in a rousing game of netball, compete with their opponents in pool, sparles white uniforms, a white-haired but boy and, frequently, a red-faced girl.

The Yanks work out at Miller Huggins Field, the Cubs at Al Lang Field, where most exhibition games are played, 1926 to 1934. However, the better mid-city hotels, such as the recent Vinoy Park and the transient Seneca, have made no price adjustment because of their age. The Seneca extracts \$14 a day for an outdusted single room without meals, and the Vinoy, which takes guests on a recommendation, asks \$19 to \$24 for singles, \$25 to \$38 for two with meals. The keys that lie offshore from St. Petersburg—Redington Beach, Modern, Sunshine and Treasure Island—are studded with motels and hotels either back on the sand or across the street from it. Newest and grandest of all is the Doctors' Motel, which is not on the offshore strip but at the very entrance to the Sunshine Skyway, an over-the-water causeway that leads south to Bradenton and Sarasota.

The Milwaukee Braves spot in Bradenton on the south side of the skyway, occupying quarters in the cheap Mariner River Hotel, a park stucco palace decorated inside with standing chrome ashtrays and plants wrapped in silver foil. Mondays or sick cows feasted in the local waters in bygone days, but the only one left today lives in a tank alongside the Chamber of Commerce, a gray, bloated Shmoo that rolls over on command. The River

Apex, last of the old hot steam-heated stoves and built up at the Bradenton dock, most often its most recent cinema appearance with Clark Gable in *Reckless Women*. It is a vintage restaurant, a bar, a restaurant, a museum and Gay Nineties theater.

It Bradenton, square, it is a museum, going on down by the lake at Sarasota to keep a man both broke and breathless. Janie from the 25 minutes provided by the Immortal Boston Red Sox, unless shelter at the Bogus Pines, digested at the Kismet Club, damages present at the Jungle Farm, actors tread the boards of the Pagers Club, and the circus, which in winter residences here, begins rehearsals, open to the public, on March 1. Meanwhile, there is a Sunday circus at Little Madison Square Garden, and visitors can watch aerobics and animal acts at almost any hour.

John Ringling's home, built like the castle of a Venetian dog, is now a museum, and besides that he also built a museum whose corridors are filled with marmoset skeletons and whose Versailles-sized courtyard is filled with Greek and Roman statuary, not excluding a bronze casting of Michelangelo's David, all collected in the course of talent searches on the Continent. There is a Museum of the American Circus on the Ringling grounds, and the circus Hall of Fame, privately operated, offers exhibits and exhibitions. The Bobby Jones Golf Course has 27 holes (\$1.50 for nine holes, \$2.50 a day), the Lido Beach Casino offers free beach or pool swimming. And while the Sarasota State School teaches the sport to humans, Sunshine Springs & Gardens exhibit a water-skiing elephant. Motels out on the beach stripe come high, the newest running \$18 to \$25 a day, and reservations only.

The Boston Red Sox inhabit the what else?—John Ringling Hotel, which comes complete with a M'Toto Room, and play ball at Payne Park. The best places to eat in Sarasota are the Plaza, a cool, dark and pleasant den of many mooks that features Spanish food but serves everything; the Holiday House, a full-scale supper club on Route 31; and Casa Casanova, near the winter quarters of the circus. Maria Casanova sings, Papa juggles, and daughter Yousa is billed as The World's Only Bouncing Rope Sensation. The cuisine is Italian, the whole place is built like an arena, and when the circus show goes on nightly at 9 there is no telling when you are liable to get a flying young man along with the feller.

(J.N.B.)

WHERE TO WATCH THE CLUBS

Boston Red Sox: Sarasota, Fla., Payne Park, U.S. Route 301 at First Street, Washington Boulevard, one block north Sarasota Terrace Hotel.

Chicago White Sox: Tampa, Fla., Al Lopez Field on Dale Mabry Highway, U.S. Route 90, at Tampa Bay Hawks and.

Cleveland Red Sox: Tampa, Fla., Pinesville Hospital grounds, Tampa Plant Field, North Bradenton and Cass Street. Exhibition games at Al Lopez Field.

New York Yankees: St. Petersburg, Fla., Francis at Miller Huggins Field, Fifth Street and Tenth Avenue, North Exhibition grounds, Al Lang Field, First Street and Second Avenue South.

St. Louis Cardinals: St. Petersburg, Al Lang Field, First Street and Second Avenue South.

Milwaukee Braves: Bradenton, Fla.,



Braves Field, U.S. Route 301, North Street at corner of Fifth Avenue West.

Philadelphia Phillies: Clearwater, Fla., Jack Ruess Stadium, corner of Main and Missouri Avenues.

SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Tasi Sailer, Austrian Olympic champion, got off to fine start in first try at U.S. slopes, winning two slalom races before altitude sickness forced withdrawal and loss of Rosh Cup to Christian Probst at Aspen.



Kurt Nielson, hurdler, Dane who has gotten better running-up but rarely a winner, played deft defensive battle to beat Dick Savitt in semifinal, outlasted in power game to beat Herb Flann for U.S. indoor title in New York.

RECORD BREAKERS

College and high school events staged around the world and U.S. records brought down three on assorted fronts. Yale's Joe Robinson, Duane Armstrong, Roger Anderson and Tim Deeks finished through 100-yard freestyle relay in 1:03.3 in lower world mark at New Haven (Feb. 25); Toledo's swimmer Olet Jaramendi cleared 100-yard freestyle in 1:25.3 for national high school standards in Catholic Interscholastic championships at Philadelphia (Feb. 25); top 150-yard record lasted only one rest day when Frank Brunell of Philadelphia's Franklin D.R. finished distance in 1:25.5 in Eastern Interscholastic meet at Lanesville, N.J.

BOXING

Garner Radtke, wiry-faced welterweight champion, swung away with hammer and almost frightening concentration from opening left, didn't stop until crushing left hook knocked low-weighted Challenge Johnny Saxon down and out in second round at Cleveland (see page 16).

Middleweight Champion Gene Fullmer, scrambling for quick exit, held overhauled Ernie Durando around for 16 rounds to win knockout bout at Denver but suffered cut over eye which forced him out (and Rory Calhoun in) at Feb. 27 (7) shot with Charlie Colburn.

Leo Radtke, dominating former NBA president and friend of EBC man Truman Gibson Jr., was supplanted in title-cumulative Duane State Athletic Commission by Giovanni William Strutton, who also filed past left against by death of Johnny Rife. His chosen 31-year-old William Feigenbach, Chicago skisman during graduate administration at Marquette (Big Red, *Timesman* two page 15).

Art Aragon, well-oiled Los Angeles boxing boy who demonstrated into dark sleep, was found guilty of attempting to fix scheduled

fight with welterweight Dick Goldstein in San Antonio last December, later up to five years in prison, \$5,000 fine, or both (see page 15).

TRACK AND FIELD

Don DeLong, putting out just enough to stay with pace-setting Lando Taheri and Fred Dwyer, peered it on in stretch to win mile in 4:07 (double-hurdle) Villanova (Feb. 25). **Tommy Clark** (25:17) for team title in AAU indoor championships in New York. Among other winners: North Carolina College's Joe Callahan, who fitted over 60-pound burden in 7.2 (see below); Villanova's Charlie Jenkins, in 6:00-pound race (1:10.4); Western Michigan's Jim Marshall, in 50-pound dash (0.2); Villanova's Phil Horan, in high jump 16 feet 3½ inches; Bob Richards, in pole vault (15 feet 3 inches).

John Landy, formerly-winning Australian schoolmaster who outwashed world with 2:05 mile in June 1954, trailed upsurge in Good Morning in 1:54.6 half-mile at Melbourne, then dramatically announced: "I have had it. I have had a good losing and never will run in major competition again."

HOCKEY

NHL, leaders had their hands full with second-round rivals but Detroit coasted along its golden road to Montreal and into 16 front of Boston. New York trembled Bruins and split pair with Canadiens to increase lead over Toronto for fourth while pillar-swinging Chicago began to show league muscles, beating Detroit and Boston.

SQUASH RACQUETS

Frank Nelson, agile French-born Bostonian, gamely parried Hongkong Champion Dick Murrey Jr. with skillful assortment of cross-court drop shots to win 15-12, 15-11, 16-17, 15-11 victory in U.S. singles final in New York.

BASKETBALL

North Carolina held firm as nation's lone major basketball team, outlasting South Carolina 75-67 in 22nd straight and NCAA tournament game to take shape in 1957-58. **Southwest Conference** title, Idaho State won two-game series from Western State 80-55, 47-46 to win Rocky Mountain crown. Kentucky routed Alabama 75-40 to earn at least share of Southeastern Conference championship. **Player of week:** Mississippi's Joe Gibson, who scored 95 points in 35. **Playoffs** over 150 to become latest major-league scoring leader with 30.25 average.

Footnote: squaring most at season, picked up most of NBA Eastern Division playoff berth, ran winning streak to four to take third place from New York and threaten second-place Philadelphia at Harris Hall seven-game final. **Paul Wray** had numbers work had as did other western teams and Pistons maintained two-game edge over St. Louis.

HORSE RACING

Caro Haskin, Mrs. Elizabeth Lerner's topweight horse, getting also had brief fling as hurdler, made good use of pull in weight 1385 pounds to 121, came bounding up on final turn to outpace favored **Indians**. It is stretch run for \$10,700 Santa Anita Handicap (see page 14).

BASEBALL

New York Yankees, already favored to extend American League monopoly but never once to state still, headed up in two-part deal with friendly Kansas City. Yankees acquired **Philly** Art Ditmar and **Red Sox** Schatz plus improved pitcher who may turn out to be **Indians** infielder **Cliff Benge** in exchange for **Pirates** Tom Morgan, **Minors** Mervyn and **Its** Coleman, **Outfielder** **Irv Noren** and **Shortstop** *continued on next page*

FOCUS ON THE DEED



HUSTLING IRISHMAN Han DeLong (Irishman) appears comfortable eight yards ahead of pursuing Lando Taheri (left) and Fred Dwyer to win the mile in the national AAU indoor race at New York.



STRAINING MURDERERS Calhoun, Gilbert, Campbell and Pratt: left to right appear to be poised in mid-air as they clear last obstacle and head for the finish line in race won by Calhoun.



BRICKYARD PRODIGY

All work and no play make Jack Zink the one to beat at Indianapolis, but shed no tear: he loves the work

by KENNETH RUDEEN

JOHNN SMITH ZINK, the no-nonsense young man who stood Daytona Beach, Fla. on its car the other day in his first flyer at NASCAR's Speed Weeks, meets a stranger with unwavering concentration. He pays keen attention with an alert mind and steady gray eyes. If the occasion seems to call for it, he writes down the stranger's name and gives him his calling card—a pocketknife with the inscription "John Zink Co., Tulsa, Okla."

The John Zink Company, manufacturer of industrial burners and consultant on air pollution, is headed by his father, John Steele Zink. John Smith, or Jack, Zink is vice-president, but it is not only as a businessman that he is making a name for himself these days.

At 28, Zink is the accredited boy wonder of the Indianapolis Speedway. He has been taking cars to the "Gar" since 1950, when he was 17. Last year Pat Flaherty won the "500" in a Zink car; the late Bob Swikert was champion of the Brickyard for Zink in 1955.

Zink and his mechanics drove non-stop from Tulsa to Daytona Beach. As befits a man who made straight A's in calculus, he shunned the garish lights of Atlantic Avenue and the party-happy Speed Weeks crowd, lived in a plain kitchenette apartment and bussed over his cars night and day.

He brought two Pontiacs—one with a passenger-car chassis for the beach trials and one for the Grand National stock-car race. Zink had two engines for the passenger car. One was a 400-hp, fuel-injection model that he had intended to run on racing alcohol in the experimental class. Like some other contestants, he discovered too late that alcohol was not permitted; the car did 160 mph in a practice run on gasoline, but "pinging" recommenced and a hole was burned in a piston.

Zink pulled that engine, replaced it with a superbly tuned 317-hp stock engine and all but blew the bested

Chrysler 304-C off the beach. (The Chrysler had reached 143 mph at the peeling ground, but, lacking the tuning perfection that is imperative at the beach and running with what proved to be the wrong gear ratios, failed to surpass Zink's 136-mph topspeed average. A 360-C had the fastest average when Zink's car was disqualified on what he considered a technicality, but it was a hollow victory.) Zink's stock car crashed after displaying early speed.

(The USAC, in whose events Zink customarily competes, was not happy about his Daytona NASCAR adventure. NASCAR events are considered "outlets" activities by USAC, which sanctions, among other things, the "500." Zink may draw a fine and temporary suspension.)

THE INEVITABLE MODEL T

Jack Zink has been outgrowing bicycles in the automotive arena ever since he was given a Model T Ford dump truck to play with at the age of 7. He took it apart and put it together over and over again, worked the dump out, but not the useless engine, and was disappointed when his mother finally gave the beloved truck away.

She had envisioned a more graceful leisure for her son. "Mother tried to make me do something respectable, like playing the piano," says Zink. "They had to whip me to make me take the lessons, but I got pretty good at it. I guess some boys who have all these advantages just don't go straight."

Zink could not keep away from the fascinating machinery of the motor world. He built a car for himself that was powered by a lawn-mower motor, was selected by racing at his first sight of a mid-gear event, and placed third in the All-American Soap Box Derby at 12. (If you cherish any illusions about the Derby as a scholastic jamboree, do not talk to Zink. "All the guys that win have professional help,"

he says. "A lot of really scientific information goes into that. You have to tune the wheels and break in the bearings and get the proper streamlining.")

Work in his father's plant and extra-curricular motorcycle racing did not keep Zink from achieving a mechanical engineering degree at Oklahoma A&M and membership in Psi Chi Sigma, the equivalent of Phi Beta Kappa. In 1950 he began his hold and resolute attack on the "500."

His Indianapolis record reads like this: 1950, fourth with the late Cecil Green driving; 1951, Cecil Green leading when a piston broke; 1952, seventh with Jimmy Reece driving; 1953, Driver Jerry Hoyt spun out on the fourth lap; 1954, Driver Gene Hartley retired with a burned-out clutch; 1955, Swikert won; 1956, Flaherty won.

Meanwhile, Zink campaigned other cars and drove a race or two himself, out of range of parental disapproval.

One of Zink's most rewarding aptitudes is his eye for gifted mechanics. A. J. Watson, the man who built his two winning Indianapolis cars, may well be the best in the country.

Watson has his hands deep in a new machine for 1957, a car that should make big Tony Hulme an owner of the "500" favorites from the outset. "We'll have a few improvements," says Zink. "Nothing radical; we're not going to run it upside down or anything like that. Everybody knows pretty well what everybody else is doing." Newcomer Bud Larson will drive the old Flaherty car.

But wait till next year. Another talented Zink mechanic named Bob De Bioscop is building a brand-new Indianapolis engine in the well-equipped Tulsa shop.

"We're aiming for a conservative 450 hp—an engine that will stay together at 450 hp. Tops for the Offenhauser now is 360 to 375."

No one will have to whip Jack Zink to begin: that engine will sing. **END**



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SKIN FISHER is a new, easy-to-use, skinning knife that will save you time and money. It is designed to be used with a standard 110V AC power source and can handle fish up to 30 inches long and 10 inches wide. The knife is mounted on a sturdy frame and can be used to skin fish of all sizes.

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TIP FROM THE TOP



For golfers of
all degrees of skill

JAMES H. DUDLEY, Director, National Golf Club, Inc.

The average golfer, when trying for extra distance, attempts to speed up his swing and hit the ball harder and faster with his hands and body. Most of the time when he does this, he hits too soon with his hands and body, and thus destroys the rhythm and tempo of his swing. As a result, he loses both distance and accuracy. Rhythm and tempo must be maintained at all times, even when you're playing the most difficult shot. This is why our star players spend countless hours working on them.

What, then, do these star players do to obtain extra distance? Instead of trying to swing faster and hit the ball harder, they just turn their left shoulder a little bit more to the right on the backswing than they normally do. It's very much like the pitcher in baseball who reaches back a little farther than usual when he wants to get a little added zip on his fast ball. It gives your muscles that little extra stretch that produces that little extra power without destroying the vital rhythm and even tempo which are so essential to all good golf swings.



Ed Dudley urges golfers to
develop rhythm and tempo
by practicing these regularly

My wife and I just toured the Keys with the December 17 SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in our lap in the car. We dined according to Horace Sutton from Key lime pie at Fern Butters' to Snapper Delmonico at Hanley's and found them equally delicious. We fished with an S.I.-approved guide (Paul Hinerman) and give you an editorial assist on our first bonefish. We stayed at Buccaneer Lodge in Marathon as per your recommendation and can only say that our enthusiasm exceeded even that of your correspondent. Indeed I cannot recall any article in any magazine that I have ever found so genuinely helpful.

GAIL M. HARRISON
Newman, N. Y.

NEXT PHOTO: BETTY JAMISON ON GETTING BACK IN THE GROOVE

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FLURRY OF FLAMINGOS

Seminole Indian children give chase to
flamingos across the infield of Florida's



Hialeah Park. The track's famed pink
birds lend their name to the year's first

important race for leading 3-year-old
Thoroughbreds, to be run this week



SUNSPLOSHED BETTORS WATCH HORSES BEING WALKED IN PADDOCK AS TRAINERS GIVE JOCKEYS LAST-MINUTE INSTRUCTIONS

THE TWO JIMS ARE DERBY BOUND

The 3-year-olds gallop forth in this week's Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah, and the winner's cup might end up in the hands of ageless Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons or calculating Jimmy Jones

by WHITNEY TOWER



CLIMBING THE OUTSIDE RAIL of Hialeah's clubhouse turn is a little clearing known quite unofficially among the horsemen who bring their business—and their hopes—to the South's most famous race track as Mr. Fitz's Place. James K. Fitzsimmons, now 82 and depending a bit more each year on one aluminum walking aid, would be the last person in the world to request that any special place at any race track be set aside for his use. And yet no other trainer for anybody else at Hialeah's would ever think of setting foot in that particular clearing without a personal invitation from Mr. Fitz himself.

Last week he issued just such an invitation to a young lady on her first visit to Hialeah. "Now, you just step right along in here beside me," he said as he walked up to the rail, "and if you have any questions I'll do my best to answer them."

The young lady, like so many other first-time visitors to Hialeah, was attracted by the sight of hundreds of flamingos maneuvering curiously about the infield. Mr. Fitz noticed her preoccupation with these beautiful birds and quickly came to the rescue. "I used to think," he said, "that the flamingos would all want to be flying off back to Cuba where they originally came from. But they must like it here because I never heard of one getting very far away. As a matter of fact, I often amuse myself by clocking flamingos between poles on the backstretch. One in particular I can remember. He was a graceful bird in the air, and I know one day I caught him going an eighth of a mile in five seconds. Now don't you know I certainly wouldn't mind having a race horse who could run that fast."

For sheer speed among Thoroughbreds of 1967's 3-year-old crop, Hialeah Park is the place to be. And this week the cream of that crop is entered in the \$100,000-added million-and-an-eighth Flamingo Stakes.

The buildup of the 3-year-old season is a gradual thing, but a desperately exciting process which actually has its beginning well back in the preceding year. Its conclusion comes not on Kentucky Derby day but often on a cold fall day when the survivors of the Hialeah campaign finally step out weight-for-age against older horses. Dozens of 3-year-olds will drop out of the real battle before Derby Day—some quite possibly for no other reason than that

they tried too hard to match their own ability with that of this week's Flamingo winner.

Most racing people in the country are in agreement this week that the best 3-year-old is at the moment stabled at Hialeah. The disagreement comes when you ask, "What is his name?" The answers pop back at you rapid-fire: Bold Ruler, Gen. Duke, Barbizon, Federal Hill, Missile and a few scattered votes for Iron Liege, King Haizan, Ambehaving, Ben Leonard, One-Eyed King. (Hialeah racegoers traditionally like to give a premature brassed to any 3-year-olds who happen to be racing at Santa Anita. They believe, for instance, that there is no real California threat this year outside of Prince Khalid.)

There is no question that most of the Flamingo interest is centered on Bold Ruler, whom Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons trains for Mrs. Henry Carnegie Phipps, and the Calumet Farm entry of Gen. Duke and Iron Liege. More than a little of this interest was fired up in dramatic fashion less than two weeks ago when Bold Ruler, carrying 126 pounds, failed by barely a head to hold off the closing rush of Gen. Duke (in with 114 pounds) in the Everglades. Mr. Fitz came up for criticism in some quarters for working Bold Ruler a mile in 1:25 just a few days before the Everglades. "Well, in the first place," says Mr. Fitz, "I'll admit that in that 1:25 week Bold Ruler went too fast. I thought he should have done it in about :37, but just the same I don't think it hurt him. A horse has to work, you know, to get fit—for in a race those other horses aren't just playing out there."

"I told Eddie [Arcaro] to get him on his way decent. Well, he sure got him on his way. It's easy to say now, but maybe Eddie could have saved him a little. But shucks, I know—and so does Eddie—that those other jocks out there don't always let you do anything you want, and you don't always get things your own way. This week, before the Flamingo, I'll only remind Eddie of the obvious thing: 'get off good and save him for where the money is and don't let him run too soon.'"

Bold Ruler himself is surrounded by a certain amount of mystery for many racing fans, because of what appeared to be a complete reversal of form last fall after he climaxed

continued

continued

a great spring and summer with an easy victory in the Belmont Futurity. "As far as I'm concerned," says Mr. Fitz, "the only thing this colt has ever done wrong was his bad running for the last three quarters of a mile in the Remsen. Everything else he's done cheerfully and with a good disposition. If they want to compare him to Nashua [in conformation Bold Ruler is longer, lighter and a little taller than Nashua], it may be a little so. Bold Ruler is more willing—he wants to run—and if you consider his layoff last summer, he's done as much as Nashua did at the same stage of his career."

Shortly before the Everglades, Calumet Trainer Jimmy Jones was quoted to the effect that he held the upper hand because he had three Derby horses to only one for Mr. Fitz. "I didn't mean it the way it might sound," said Jimmy last week. "I only mean it's always nice to have three good horses; it gives you more of a chance and I'd be crazy not to say I was glad to have all three: Baribizon, Gen. Duke and Iron Liege." Baribizon, it will be remembered, was Calumet's big horse at the close of last season after he won the Garden State. "Baribizon hasn't shown much form in Florida after his coughing spell," says Jones, "but you can't count him out just because he hasn't run yet. I'd say, despite the way he's been, Gen. Duke develops, that Baribizon is the sounder. We're in the good position of not having to hurry him along while Gen. Duke is going so well."

The Everglades results may or may not have caught Jimmy Jones by surprise. "There's no question that the 12-pound weight pull helped us a lot, but I honestly didn't think Gen. Duke would beat Bold Ruler in that one. He exceeded my expectations, and what pleases me now is that I believe he will improve. What I'd like to know," he added, "is how much Bold Ruler is going to improve."

That answer will come this Saturday for some 40,000 eyewitnesses and millions of televisioners. The field will carry equal weight of 122 pounds in the toughest grade of the season so far. If an outsider wins it, it will change the whole complexion of the 3-year-old picture. For the crop already is regarded as one of the finest in years. "When colts like Gen. Duke and Bold Ruler can do what they're doing so early in the season, you know they must be good," says Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons.

"That's quite true," adds Jimmy Jones with calculated caution. "But don't forget, there are a lot of horses who haven't run this winter who will be right in the middle of the Kentucky Derby—that is, if they're good enough. One that I know is good enough is Baribizon."

Last week's Widener, in which only five horses finally showed up, was, on paper at least, to have developed into something of a match race between Mrs. John Calbreath's Summer Tan and Calumet's Bardstown. Bardstown had been the sensation of last fall's handicap division. Summer Tan had developed into nearly everybody's favorite after coming back from a close brush with death three years ago and, when he whipped Bardstown by three lengths in the McLennan Handicap, most people were inclined to agree when Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons said the other day, "Summer Tan is the finest horse in training in America. He's great."

No one disliked the buildup more than Summer Tan's trainer Sherrill Ward, who knows as well as any trainer in America that you don't want to be considered a cinch

continued

WHO CAN BEAT

Three and a half years ago, the Florida State Fair and the Florida State Fair Association were the two most important events in the first round of gold-or-silver-or-bronze leading to the classics of 3-year-old colts in the Kentucky Derby, Preakness and the Belmont Stakes. One colt stands out as a firm favorite: the Whirlaway. He is the only one of the three who has won all three races.



MISSILE. Race caller Fred Caposella: "I rather think that there will be another name up a bit later, and that is Missile."



PRINCE KHALID: Pride of the West Coast and selection of Trainer Bob Roberts, jockey Willie Shoemaker and George Tarquini, and the director of Santa Anita, Dr. Charles Strub. One of the favorites of Marshall Cassidy of The Jockey Club.

BOLD RULER?

books is quoted as a mere 3 to 1 for the *Kristenbury* thesis, and this despite the considerable support from such Anglo-American writers, American theologians and even a few Jewish converts. It is clear that the Jewish community in the United States is still very much in the grip of the old anti-Semitism, and that the Jewish community in the United States is still very much in the grip of the old anti-Semitism, and that the Jewish community in the United States is still very much in the grip of the old anti-Semitism.



FEDERAL HILL: His owner, Clifford Lusky: "Mine was 75 pounds ice-fat when Bold Ruler beat him. He's up top."



GEN. DUKE: The conqueror of Bold Ruler in the Everglades Stakes is the pick of Wiltie Cohen's Assistant Joe Hernandez, 7-10; Chief H. Head of the syndicate which owns Nashua, top Jockey Wiltie Hartack and Trainer Ben A. Jones.



BOLD-EULER ABOUT TO BE CAUGHT ON WIRE BY GER. GUER



BARBIZON. He is born to Turner, Nanny Ann Farnsworth, Reggie Cornell, Charles Whittingham; Jockeys Eddie Arcaro, Jack Westrope, Ted Atkinson; Handicappers Jimmy Kilroe of New York and Santa Anita and Charles McLennan of Hialeah Park.

against Calumet in a \$100,000 stake. "Sure it's flattering to be told you have the best horse," growled Sheriff the day before the race. "But these people are judging our horses today on what they saw in the McLennan. I will say that in that one I think Summer Tan was as good as he's ever been. I can't be sure he'll stay at that peak—but I can be pretty sure that Bardstons will improve."

Jimmy Jones loves to hear the other fellow's horse built up, for it gives him the perfect opportunity to perfect his technique of crying that he has absolutely no chance. "Why, in my mind," he said, "there's no question that Summer Tan is a better horse than Bardstown. Shacks, Bardstons got his reputation beating grade B horses."

Widener Day found the Hialeah strip a little gummy and holding. A rumor flew through the stands that Bardstown would be scratched because he didn't like the going. But Ben Jones, Jimmy's father, scotched that one by saying, "Jimmy doesn't seem to think our horse likes this stuff but says we have to run in it for all that money."

Bardstown got to the winner's circle with a front-running effort that left Summer Tan—after one good run at him right in the middle of the big last bend—a soundly beaten fourth.

"I thought," a friend said to Ben Jones, "Bardstown wasn't supposed to like this track."

"Well," replied the old master, "Jimmy was scared. But then Jimmy is always scared, you know."



SMILING WILLIE HARTACK AND CALUMET'S SMILING BARDSTOWN

THE LIGHT-WEIGHTED LOVER

SANTA ANITA's glittering \$140,700 Handicap, once the fittest on the American turf, was made off with last week by a leggy, lacy graduate jumper whose future as a racer looked so unpromising a year ago that his owner turned him into a steep-lehner just to give him something to do.

But as she stood in the winner's circle at Santa Anita last week alternately laughing and kissing her victorious 4-year-old, Corn Husker, on his startled nose, Owner Lix Lunn proudly told her listeners, "Look, he's just a big country horse who doesn't have a mean bone in his body. He's just a lover, is what he is."

Actually, the big country bay colt had not exactly humiliated the best horses on the track. Thanks to an uneven and unimposing record as a 2- and 3-year-old, he had fooled Racing Secretary Jimmy Kilroe last December into assigning him to a trifling 104 pounds for the handicap, a mistake which every railbird in California caught on to when Corn Husker shut out several of the track's handicap stars in an overnight allowance on Valentine's Day.

Even Eddie Arcare wanted to get

the handicap mount on him after that but Eddie couldn't get within six pounds of the feather assignment, and the plan went to Ralph Neves who sweated off to 105. The gamblers were as badly fooled as the dockers on Corn Husker: he opened at 100 to 1 in the Caliente Future Book. Before the race, Caliente's John Alessio admitted, "We can get hurt on only one horse—Corn Husker."

Fifteen horses entered Santa Anita's big race. The best horse in the barns at Santa Anita this year was a South American flyer, Hollandes II. But Hollandes slumped to also-ran when Terrag took the prep San Antonio Handicap two weeks ago in track record time and every trainer in shed row immediately took heart. Eighteen horses actually passed the entry box for the big race, and trainers were busy scouring the stable area up to race time for available exercise boys to take their mounts.

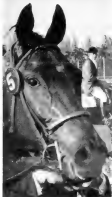
Despite three late scratches, Starter Billy Mills must still have felt as if he were lining up a regiment of cavalry when the field hit the gate. It swept past the stands the first time like the first wave at a Macy's 1¢ sale. The

track was a soggy mess, thanks to an overnight rain, and a light-weighted sprinter, Battle Dance, tried to make a dash for the 100 grand. The mud-loving Spinney spun along with him, together with Film Director Raoul Walsh's Irish-bred Beauty Bay.

The experienced jockeys let the rookies have their fun for a while, but at the quarter-pole the real race began. The leaders began to drop off like scatted film until Spinney steadied himself to hang on for third. "I could have gone to the lead any time after the half-mile," admitted the winner's jockey, Neves. "I knew that if this horse had class with that weight he could win it."

Hollandes II, laboring under the second high weight—121—, could not quite catch the country boy. The rush-hour traffic on the far turn when the front-runners began to back up did not bother Jockey Willie Shoemaker, he said later, but the finish still looked more like a quarter-horse race than the Santa Anita Handicap. Hollandes lost by a half length, and he beat the third and fourth horses by fractions.

Lix Lunn, who showed up in the winner's circle stockinged and dressed



AFTER THEIR RICH WIGENER VICTORY

by JIM MURRAY

in comfortable suit and ruddy moccasins, was almost as languid and countrified as her horse, whom she hugged and hugged. Trainer Charlie Whittingham scratched his head. "When she shipped this horse to me as an extra horse, I told her, 'Don't send me any jumpers. There's nothing for him to jump out here.'" Commented Liz Lunn sweetly, eyeing the winner's share of \$103,460, "I told him, 'Look, I'll buy the horses and send them to you. You train them and sell 'em to me.' And she looked it."

All eyes here are on this week's \$100,000 Santa Anita Derby, contested over the searching distance of a mile and one eighth. The race has produced three of the last five Kentucky Derby winners. With the weights leveled at 115 pounds, Gen. and Mrs. W. W. Kratz's Prince Khalid should be a top-heavy favorite. The colt's handling of the Breeders' Championship Stakes on February 2 started even the Californians. The rest of the Westerners will not be asked to break in front of the Prince but will hope to wear him down. (J.M.R.)



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WASH AND WEAR—OFF TO THE RACES

by FRED R. SMITH

Race-track plaids, a machine-washable suit and a new range of fall fabrics make this a banner year for synthetics

THE race-track plaid suit and sport jackets hard by the rail at Tropical Park (below) are this spring's leading fashion contenders in the off-and-running wash-and-wear sweepstakes. The fabric in each is a blend of Dacron and cotton, proved over the past several summers to be the best blend (preferably 65% Dacron to 35% cotton) for very lightweight, wash-and-wearable summer clothing. The added starter here is the bold patterning, on top of the boom in plaids. Note particularly the harking cat to the jacket in the center—extra high vent, slanting pockets and slightly nipped waist, drawn right from horsehide.

And there's another and even more revolutionary development in the wash-and-wear field. Next month a suit will be brought out by Haspel (the Exemplar, \$59.50) that can be put into an automatic washer, then tumble-dried in an automatic dryer at temperatures of about 180°, and come out like new without the mess of drip-drying. The suit is tailored of a blend of Dacron, viscose and mohair, and its

inner workings, to withstand the tumbling, are more substantial than those ever before put into a summer suit. This means that a man can wear a suit 40 minutes after it first goes into the washing machine. More significantly, it means that by the fall of 1957, and much more so by 1958, wash-and-machine-dryable clothing (a raincoat, kids' fall-weight flannel slacks, men's fall suits) will be on the market. And, an added plus to the process, suits tailored to withstand the tumbling can be placed in the dryer and come out with creases in but wrinkles out in less than half an hour.

As the fabric swatches on the facing page show, there are many other notable developments already here or just around the corner in the synthesized fabric field. Watch also for fall-weight washable flannel slacks this fall, blended of Acrilan and rayon; knitted sport jackets, suits and topsuits; unlimited developments in style and in performance for clothing made from synthetics and blends.

RACE-TRACK PLAIDS have invaded the wash-and-wear field. Here, at Miami's Tropical Park, Jack Calpepper (left) wears a suit of 65% Dacron, 35% cotton (\$45, Famous-Sterenberg). Jim Davis's

jacket of Dacron and cotton is cut like a harking jacket (\$32.50, Gordan). Tony Humphrey wears a plaid blazer of Dacron and cotton (\$37.50, Palm Beach). The newest straw hats are from Dobbs.





LOOSEN-TYPE fabric made of Orlon, nylon and wool is an experimental version of a flannel which, by the fall of 1958, will be available in warm, lightweight sport coats and tapecoats.

LUMBERJACK PLAID is another experiment—a blend of 70% Orlon with wool, as bulky as but lighter in weight than comparable all-wool fabrics. It's also washable and moth-resistant.



TWEED JACKETING combines Orlon and wool, 50-50, to make a sport coat fabric which has the soft touch and subtle coloring of imported Shetland, though it is much lighter in weight.

MADRAS PLAID is actually 60% Dacron, 35% cotton, available this spring in wash-and-wear sport shirts. There is no longer any limit to colors and patterns available in this blend.



ALPACA-TYPE KNIIT is experiment in knitted 100% Orlon. It will be available by fall in V- and crew-neck sweaters almost indistinguishable from much more expensive imports.

WOOLSTED-TYPE HERRINGBONE of 65% Dacron, 35% rayon, still in the experimental stage, will most probably be found in the first fall-weight wash-and-wear suit, to be available this fall.



LINEN, a longtime, easy-wrinkling hot-weather favorite, is now blended with 45% wrinkle-resistant Dacron and is available this spring in suits, slacks, walking shorts and sport coats.

FAKE FUR, almost like beaver, is actually a knitted fleece blended of 75% Orlon and 25% Dynel, available in stadium coats now and perfect for subzero coat linings, "fur" collars.



WHITE FLANNEL is a blend of 70% Arnel, 30% rayon to make a highly practical, washable white fabric. Now available in tennis shorts, and coring, by resort-time 1958, in slacks.

GLEN PLAID wash-and-wear sweater (see next as *Spring page*) is of 65% Dacron, 35% cotton. It shows dramatically how far sweater-weight blends have come from plain poplins and cords.





MANTLE:

Power and precision are highlighted as Mantle leans heavily into a pitch. Mickey's powerful arm, shoulder, back and leg combine in one smooth flawless motion as he brings his bat around in a level arc to the ball's flight.

SEVEN VIEWS OF GENIUS

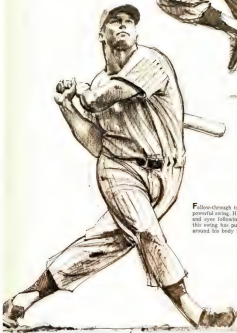
In all the hours he has spent watching baseball, nothing impressed Artist Robert Riger as deeply as the consistency and rhythm of Mickey Mantle's power. These sketches are a tribute to greatness.



Take-off after successful swing shows Mantle tipping bat and taking first step from home plate. Fastest man in baseball going down the first base line, Mickey has been clocked at 3.2 seconds batting lefty and 3.5 hitting right-handed.



Digging in on the base paths with his head down and his arms pumping, Mantle resembles a dasher exploding out of starting blocks. Possessing quick reactions and a perfect sliding technique, Mickey is always a threat to take the extra base.



Follow-through takes him halfway round in his powerful swing. He ends up with legs spread wide and eyes following flight of ball. The force of this swing has pulled Mickey's bat all the way around his body in a full, muscle-testing circle.

Threatening with one of the strongest arms in the major leagues, Mantle rarely allows runners to advance an extra base on him. With his wide range in center field, Mickey's defensive abilities are the less spectacular equal of his offensive genius.



Bunting left-handed, Mantle's feet are off the ground as he starts toward first base in the same motion. Because of his great speed, Mickey will sometimes gamble for a base hit by skillfully dragging a previously placed bunt past the pitcher.



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Leaning easily on bat in characteristic pose, Mantee studies his teammates in batting cage. The biggest attraction in baseball today, Mickey is watched by everyone, players and fans alike, when his turn comes to take his practice swings.



ALL HAIL THE HERO MIGHTY MICKEY

The boy from Oklahoma, a corporation president as well as baseball's superstar, is now public property. A candid closeup reveals how he is educating himself in the role

by GERALD HOLLAND

"... all ranks pay [huzzas] to the hero of the day.
... Hear the shouts in the street! The people cannot see him enough. They delight in a man, here is a head and a trunk! What a front, what eyes, attention shoulders, and the whole carriage forward, with equal inward force to guide the great machine!"

EMERSON: *Lines of Great Men*

THE MIGHTY MINERAL 7 on his back, his right leg bandaged from ankle to thigh, a plastic shield protecting an arrested bone infection called osteomyelitis on his left ankle, the Hero began seriously to condition his great, powerful body this week in the warm, unflinching sunshine of St. Petersburg, Fla.

The Hero was 25 years old and already a legend. By his deeds and by his courageous triumph over his physical handicaps, he was Everybody's dream miraculously come to life. He was being hailed as baseball's ultimate success story. He could do everything: he could run with the speed of a jack rabbit, he could throw strikes to home plate from deep in the outfield; a switch-hitter, he could blast a ball farther than any man who ever lived. He was Elmer the Great, Frank Merriwell and a blond L'il Abner rolled into one. He was a Walter Mitty vision for every man to see. He was a baseball scout's favorite fantasy in the flesh: a speig that had been found blooming on a mudlot in the back country, a free agent with no strings on him, a kid to whom \$1,100 offered as a bonus for signing looked like all the money in Oklahoma.

That was what the Hero had cost the New York Yankees, the richest baseball club in the world. But if it had been a good deal for the Yankees, it had been a better deal for him. For baseball, as the Hero's dedicated father had meticulously and desperately planned it for his first-born son, had meant emancipation from the relative slavery of the lead mine or the mill. And the Yankees' kind of baseball had meant a great deal more. It had given the Hero a proper arena for his magnificent talents and a proud tradition for him to rise to, the uniform of Ruth and Gehrig

and DiMaggio to inspire him and the incomparable baseball witchery of old Casey Stengel to draw out and to nourish his wondrous native skills.

He had come to these exalted Yanksies, at age 19, cast in the role of a Ring Lardner rube. But innately, like his father before him, he was wise with a country boy's wisdom, sharp with small-town perception, keen with a peculiarly middle western brand of gentle wit. He had these qualities when he came to the city but, in his lack of city sophistication, he hid them and, in stark terror of saying something ridiculous, he resorted to the tactic of saying nothing at all. But sometimes, when he played badly, he betrayed himself in tantrums for what he was above all else: a boy, a kid traveling incredibly fast and far.

But that was yesterday. The Hero who began spring training in St. Petersburg this week was catching up with himself. Still reticent, still wary of strangers, nevertheless he had esped a long, long way along the path that led out of the backyard in Commerce, Okla. where, as a toddler, he had swung his first broomstick bat.

The Hero, Mickey Charles Mantle, had left the country boy far behind. The great center fielder of Yankee Stadium, the Home Run King, the Triple Crown winner and Most Valuable Player of 1954, the recipient of all the awards he cared to hold still for, now was also president of Mickey Mantle Enterprises, president of the Mickey Mantle Motel Corporation, vice-president of the Southwest Chat Company of Baxter Springs, Kans., dealers in railroad ballast. He drove a brand-new Lincoln. He lived in no ballplayers' hotel for spring training, but in a house out at the beach near St. Petersburg with his wife, Marilyn, and their children, Mickey Jr., 4, and David, one. He employed a maid for his wife, who had done all her own housework in the two-bedroom, red-cedar shingle house back in Commerce. In a bedroom closet of the beach house hung the first dinner jacket he has ever owned. In New York, he retained a personal agent to handle his television appearances and enforcement fees and a lawyer to advise him on how to invest an income that could reach \$125,000 this year.

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The boy who had come to New York at 19 and promptly signed away 50% of his outside income (it amounted to \$45,000 in 1956) to a perfect stranger (a matter still in the law courts), now was well protected against exploitation. He had a great and good friend and adviser in Harold D. Youngman of Baxter Springs, Kans., the builder of super-highways who put Mickey on the payroll at \$500 a month when, as a Yankee rookie, he needed an off-season job. In Tom Greenwade, the Yankee scout who signed him, he had a paternal counselor from his own part of the country who spoke his language and talked as straight to him as the father who had died at 40. In Billy Martin, his roommate on the road, and Whitey Ford, the pitching star, he had pals who knew where the laughs were.

And yet, Mickey stood a little apart from them all. For, as he had learned along a sometimes tortuous winter banquet circuit, he was now public property. Because of television, more people had seen him play than had seen Babe Ruth in his entire career; Mickey had unique responsibilities, and the banquet speakers did not hesitate to remind him of what they were. As they flattered him and extolled him, they also admonished him and instructed him and rebuked him. They rallied upon him to live every public and private moment in a manner that would dismay a saint. "We fathers can do only so much, Mickey," said one speaker, forgetting that Mickey is a father, too. "It is up to you to set the example for our kids." Other orators told him to watch his language, to curb his temper, to hold his head up after striking out, to eschew bad balls, to forgo so much as a kick at the dugout water cooler in anger—and to hit at least 61 home runs in 1957. Men clutching microphones called upon Mickey for a display of virtue to which few men dare aspire themselves. And a Broadway press agent, a man accustomed to the raw realities of life and sports, privately expressed off-mike horror at what he judged to be one of Mickey's falls from grace. What had Mickey done? He had inquired as to the cash value about \$20,000 of the Kickapoo Belt which he was awarded at a banquet in Rochester.

Like it or not, Mickey Mantle was stuck with the New's role. And this is a report on how he is taking it, written out of a long journey and many hours spent in the company of Mickey and the friends who know him best.

I STARTED with his friends. I sat in an Oklahoma hotel lobby with Tom Greenwade, the lean, raven-haired Yankee scout who is a part-time Missouri farmer and town school board president.

"To understand Mickey," said Tom, "you have to understand a little about his father Elton, or Mutt, as they called him. Now Mutt loved baseball, but he was no baseball nut. He wanted the best for his boy and he saw baseball as the best way to get it for him. Mutt had a lot of good, common sense and Mickey has, too."

"When Mickey made good with the Yanks, people down here in Oklahoma would come to his father and say, 'Those Yankees stole your boy!' Mutt would shake his head and say, 'No, I don't look at it that way at all. I consider Mickey was mighty lucky to get with the Yankees and if I had to advise him all over again, I'd tell him to do just what he did.'"

Tom Greenwade rubbed his chin and shook his head. "I must admit Mickey himself has needed me more than once about that \$1,100 bonus, but Mutt never mentioned

it to me at all. Mutt was certainly a rare specimen. He never bothered the ball club or the managers, demanding this or that for his boy. Not that he didn't take the interest. Why, he saw every game when Mickey was at Joplin. He'd work all day in the mines and then drive the 20 miles or more over from Commerce. But he'd never interfere. The strongest words I ever heard from him on the subject of Mickey's progress was after Mickey had had a bad night in the field at Joplin. Mutt said to me, 'Tom, are the Yankees set on that boy as a shortstop?' I said, 'We've been thinking that way, yes.' Mutt nodded his head and then, after a minute, he said, 'You know, I wouldn't be surprised to see

THE PATHWAY TO FAME



With kid brothers, sister

As a senior in high school

Mickey end up in the outfield. He gets a pretty good jump on a fly ball."

Tom took a cigaret and a light.

"Here's something about Mickey. Try to push him and he can be stubborn as a mule. When he was having the trouble with that knee, I took him to Dr. Doc Yancey there in Springfield. There were some X-ray pictures made, and when we went back to get the results Mickey stopped outside the doctor's door and said to me, 'No matter what Doc Yancey says, I'm not having any operation. That's final.' I said that was all right with me and we went in."

"Well, Doc Yancey showed Mickey the pictures and explained to him what the trouble was and said that he needed an operation, and if he didn't have it, he'd keep hurting the knee and make it all the worse. Mickey just sat there."

"Then Doc Yancey said, 'Mickey, I'd advise you to go back East to Johns Hopkins and have that operation. Or, if you don't want to go to Johns Hopkins, why the Yankees will get you a surgeon who can do the job. There are plenty of good ones back East.'"

Tom said Mickey looked at the pictures and then said: "Why can't you do the operation?"

According to Tom, Dr. Yancey said he could do it all right, did it all the time. But, he said, Mickey would probably feel better having it done at Johns Hopkins or somewhere back East.

"Now," said Tom, "bear in mind that this was the boy

who wasn't going to let anybody operate on him. Doc Yanney had handled him just right. Mickey stood up and said, "Either you do the operation or nobody does!"

Dr. Yanney did it.

I went to St. Louis and called on Bill DeWitt. Bill, formerly assistant general manager of the Yankees, is now administrator of the newly created minor league fund.

"I'll tell you something about Mickey," said DeWitt. "Last spring before I signed Mickey to his 1936 Yankee contract, I went to see him in the hospital. He had just had his tonsils out. We got talking and Mickey opened up with me. He said, 'Look, I was glad to see Yogi [Berra] get the

publicity man, and said, 'I wouldn't mind getting up there and saying a few words about Casey.' And so they called on him and he made a nice little talk. A year ago, the very idea would have terrified him. He certainly wouldn't have volunteered to talk."

I went to Rochester and watched Mickey get the Hickok award. Before the belt was finally handed to him, he had posed for innumerable pictures, handled a large press conference artfully, signed literally hundreds of autographs (getting only a few mouthfuls of dinner) and then had sat through four solid hours of oratory.

In Milwaukee, Mickey received the Associated Press

LEADS FROM OKLAHOMA BACKYARD TO YANKEE STADIUM



Wearing his first pro uniform



Playing cards with family; late father in sweat shirt



With his idol, Joe DiMaggio

Most Valuable Player award. There's no better guy in the world than Yogi. But I'm just wondering. What's a guy have to do to be considered most valuable?"

Bill said that was the opening he wanted.

"Well, Mickey [said Bill], I'm glad you asked me. Maybe, when the baseball writers are deciding who's been most valuable, they take other things into account. Maybe a ballplayer has to do more than have a good season on the field. Maybe he has to win a little personal popularity. Maybe he has to put out a little effort. Maybe he can't brush off every newspaperman who approaches him or just clam up on him. Maybe he must make a real effort to be a little cooperative."

Bill said Mickey took all that in. Then Bill went on:

"Mickey, I think you're going to be the greatest star there ever was, you're going to break every record in the books, but you've got to realize that a star has some obligations, too. If you make an effort and keep out of jams, there'll be no stopping you. But you've got to do your part. You've got to come out of that shell."

NOW a year later, Bill had just seen Mickey at the baseball writers' dinner in Chicago.

"The change in the boy is fantastic," he said. "I have never seen anybody gain so much confidence in so short a time. He wasn't supposed to make a speech at that Chicago dinner. Casey Stengel was the guest of honor. But before the dinner Mickey came to Bob Finkel, the Yankee

award at a dinner given by the Fraternal Order of Eagles. He sat at a table on the stage and was able to eat an entire meal before the autograph seekers closed in on him. The speeches were short and there was a poignant moment when Toastmaster Joe E. Brown called an unscheduled speaker up out of the audience. It was the man for whom Mickey was named, Mickey Cochrane himself, who predicted that "My namesake will break the Ruth record as sure as I'm standing here." Mickey responded with the longest little speech of the whole banquet circuit, and it was clear now what Bill DeWitt had been talking about.

Two days later, I sat in the paneled office of Harold D. Youngman in Baxter Springs, Kan., a town just a few miles away from Mickey's home in Commerce, Okla. It was in Baxter Springs that Mickey, playing with a local team called the Whiz Kids, first attracted the attention of the New York Yankees.

Wearing a felt hat, Harold Youngman himself sat at a big desk. He is a friendly, quiet-spoken, low-pressure man in his 40s, whose success in the contracting business enables him to keep his own plane and pilot and big houses in Baxter Springs and Fort Lauderdale, Fla. One of his subsidiary companies is Southwest Chat, of which Mickey is vice-president.

Youngman showed me the architect's drawing of a 36-unit motel that he and Mickey were building at Joplin, Mo., 17 miles away. He pointed out the projected swimming

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pool and restaurant and showed me where a supper club would be added later on. The motel will be known as Mickey Mantle's Holiday Inn and will cost \$350,000.

"Mickey is due here any minute," Youngman said. "He has to take a medical exam for an insurance policy in connection with this motel investment."

In a moment Mickey appeared. He was wearing a toothpick, a suede jacket and a fur cap that had been dyed a bright green and had some kind of insignia on it. I told him he had certainly made a fine speech in Milwaukee.

He turned to Youngman.

"Spoke about 35 minutes," he said, taking the insurance papers Youngman held out to him. He scanned the documents suspiciously and then said:

"Well, let's get this physical over with."

Youngman said he would see me a little later, and as we walked out, I took another look at Mickey's green fur cap and remarked:

"Is there anything special about that fur cap, Mickey?"

"Nope," said Mickey.

We passed a man in the hall.

"Hi, Mick," he said. "That's one hell of a snazzy cap."

"Yep," said Mickey. "The jet pilots gave it to me when I was up in Alaska with Bob Hope."

I WALKED on down the street and turned in at the Empire Hotel, the only hotel in town. As I signed the register, I asked the lady behind the desk, "Did you know Mickey Mantle when he was playing ball here with the Baxter Springs Whiz Kids?"

"Why, certainly I did," she said. "He had a room two doors down. And, oh, he was a holy terror."

"How do you mean?" I said.

"Why, I'm just thinking of what he and another boy on the team did one night."

"What did they do?"

"Why," said the lady, "they got in this terrible pillow fight. The landlady was picking up feathers for a month after. I believe she asked them to leave the rooming house."

I sat down in a row of intercity truck drivers who were watching television. The highways were sheets of ice and the big trucks had been ordered off. I thought back to what Tom Greenwade had said and what had just happened in Youngman's office. Then it became clear to me. You don't ask an Oklahoma man like Mickey now questions about his fur cap. What you do is tell him it's a snazzy cap and then, if there's anything special about it, he'll tell you.

I turned to a truck driver.

"Where can I get some lunch?" I said.

"Well," said the truck driver, "there's several places, but the place is Bill Murphy's down on the main street."

When I got to Bill Murphy's, I saw Mickey and Youngman standing outside. Their backs were turned, so I just slipped into the restaurant, took a toothpick from the cashier's counter and sat down in a booth. I picked up the menu and read: "Three slices fried mush, 35. Ozark ham platter, 35." When the waitress came over, I ordered the Ozark ham.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Mickey and Youngman walk in. They sat down on stools. Nobody made any fuss over Mickey, nobody asked for his autograph. The waitress brought the Ozark ham and I started to eat, opening the menu again to have something to read.



MYRLYN MANTLE, the former high school drum major's wife whom Mickey married in 1951, confesses she is still football fan.

I kept my eyes on my plate and the menu, and then I was suddenly aware that there was somebody slipping into the booth with me. I looked across the table and there sat Mickey and Youngman.

I just nodded. The waitress brought them bowls of bean soup. I kept eating my Ozark ham and said nothing. Finally, Youngman said:

"Mickey and I are going to drive over to Joplin to break ground for the motel. Do you want to come with us?"

I sensed I had it figured now. Be nice and be pushy and you got nowhere. I chewed my ham slowly and trimmed another piece with the delicacy of a brain surgeon. Mickey was sipping his bean soup steadily, his head bowed over the bowl. I let the silence linger on.

Harold Youngman looked at me in a puzzled way. Mickey kept sipping his soup. I was dying to go to Joplin. Finally, I spoke up:

"Oh," I said, "I don't know about going to Joplin."

Mickey looked up from his soup, startled. He stared at me a minute and then said:

"Why not?"

"Well," I said, steering a piece of bread through the ham gravy with my fork, "I just came from Joplin."

"It's not far," said Mickey.

I swallowed my gravy bread and wiped my mouth with

my napkin. Then I leaned back and rummaged in my pockets and pulled out a toothpick. I started picking my teeth. Mickey put down his soup spoon.

"You said up in Rochester you wanted to talk to me," he said. "This would be the best time. I'm going to Tulsa tomorrow."

I turned to Youngman.

"How are the road conditions between here and Joplin?"

Before he could answer, Mickey said, "They're thawed; I just drove over from Commerce and they're all right."

"Good," I said, "I'll go to Joplin with you."

Ken Underwood, an officer of Youngman's company, joined us as we got into the brand-new Lincoln parked at the curb. Youngman and Underwood got into the back seat and I sat up front with Mickey.

We sat on loose-fitting plastic seat covers and there was brown wrapping paper to protect the floor against our muddy feet.

"Hell of a snazzy automobile," I remarked as we pulled away.

"I've got it on approval," said Mickey. "It's the third one they've sent me to try out. It really gets up and goes. But I don't know about the color."

"What is it," said Youngman, "tan?"

"Yeah," said Mickey.

"Wouldn't show the dust," I said.

"See this button here?" said Mickey. "Push that and you grease the whole car."

We passed the Baxter Springs ball park.

"There's where I played ball with the Whiz Kids," said Mickey.

"And that's where Tom Greenwade signed you for the Yankees," I said.

"Right there near the entrance," said Mickey, "sitting in a car with me and my father in the rain."

We had left the town behind and Mickey opened up the car a little. I had been reading in the paper about cars hitting ice slicks and going off the road. I watched the speedometer, and it went to 50 and 70.

"Watch this," said Mickey. He reached down and touched a button and the seat tilted back like a deeper chair on a plane. Mickey looked around with a delighted grin. He had the fingers of one hand resting lightly on the steering wheel.

As I looked at him, big and strong and utterly relaxed, I forgot about the ice slicks. I never felt so comfortable in my life.

"Mickey," I said, "I've been wanting to tell you something. I heard you in a couple of press conferences about the banquet circuit and I want to say that I think what you said about Duke Snider having a better chance to break Ruth's record was a very smart thing to say."

"Why?" said Mickey.

"Well," I said, "first of all, it gave the sportswriters in every town something to write about. Second, it seemed to me that if you kept thinking that way it would take some of the pressure off you for the start of the season. And third, you're talking salary to George Weiss now, and I imagine it must kind of throw a man off balance when his biggest star plays himself down. I mean, if you take the attitude that there are better hitters than you around, why the Yankees are put in the position of having to say, 'But you're the best there is.' Then you say, in effect, 'Well, if I'm the best, why don't you give me what I'm asking?' Tell me, did you plan all that out ahead of time?"

"I didn't plan anything," said Mickey. "I meant it. Any home run hitter's got a chance to break the Ruth

record. I think you have to come up to September with 50 home runs, though. That's why I stopped going for the home run in September. I was watching Williams and Kaline and going for the hits and the RBIs."

We pulled off the road at the motel site. The photographer and several city officials were there. The pictures of Mickey breaking ground were taken quickly, and soon we were heading back to Baxter Springs.

"I hope the Associated Press picks up that picture for the Wirephoto," said Harold Youngman.

I turned around and said imperiously: "Oh, they undoubtedly will."

"No, they won't," said Mickey, sounding like a man who knows about such things. (The A.P. did pick it up, but I certainly wouldn't have bet on it after what Mickey said.)

We got to retelling the banquet circuit again.

"How was Yogi Berra's speech up at Rochester?" asked Youngman.

"Oh, old Yogi, he was bragging on me," said Mickey. "He got up and said something about asking Mr. Hickey how many times a fellow could win the belt. Mr. Hickey said there wasn't any Ernie and Yogi said I was apt to just take charge of it from then on. He kept bragging like that."

"How about that Joe Garagiola?" I said. "He's terrific, isn't he?" (Garagiola is a former big league catcher who now telecasts the Cardinals' games.)

"Yeah, he's real good," Mickey said.

"He's got perfect timing," I said. "He's really a professional comedian."

"He's good," said Mickey. "He stole some of the stuff I was going to use, though. You know, about Yogi getting all the money from Mr. Weiss before I got to him. I was going to say that."

"Joe Garagiola is as good as anybody on television today," I said firmly. "He's as good as Bob Hope."

"No, he's not," said Mickey.

I lit up a cigaret and pushed a button to lower the window a little.

Mickey pointed up at the sky.

"Look at the ducks," he said.

"You always see them out of season," said Harold Youngman.

The talk turned to hunting and one thing led to another until the subject of wild turkeys came up.

"I guess, when you get right down to it, crows are really the smartest birds there are," I said.

"No, they're not," said Mickey. "Wild turkeys are the smartest."

WHE PULLED up in front of the Empire Hotel in Baxter Springs and I got out and said I'd see them all at the American Legion Hall that night. Mickey had promised to answer questions for the local Little Leaguers.

At 7 o'clock there were more than 150 Little Leaguers waiting for Mickey in the American Legion Hall, all of them scrubbed and shining, pushing, pummeling each other, shouting at new arrivals, crowding together until one of the Legionnaires had to get up and try to restore some order. "All right, boys," he yelled, "quiet!" He had authority and the boys quieted down immediately.

When Mickey arrived, the Legionnaire came to me and said, "We'd like you to sit up at the head table next to Mickey."

I thought to myself, that would be pushy. So I said no, I'd rather sit on a sofa over against the wall

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where I could take some notes without being conspicuous.

It didn't occur to me that any visitor from New York covering a Little League affair in Banner Springs would be classed as a celebrity and I was startled to hear Ken Underwood, wearing his Legion cap, get up and start the session by introducing not Mickey Mantle, but me.

"He's writing a story about Mickey and is going all over everywhere with him," Ken told the boys. Then he called over to me: "Now when will that story appear?" I called back, "It's due to appear in the March 4 issue."

Mickey nodded approvingly and then he called out: "Well, why don't you stand up so's they can get a look at you?"

I felt myself getting red in the face, but I stood up and bowed and the boys applauded.

"This fellow," said Mickey to the boys, "has been following me all the way from New York City. And this is the first time anybody's ever introduced him."

Everybody laughed and I sat down and Ken Underwood called for questions.

Every boy shot up his hand whether he had a question

A boy in the back was caught completely unprepared as Mickey pointed to him. He flushed and then desperately called out: "What position do you play?"

Everybody laughed loudly and the boy ducked his head, mortified.

Mickey waited until the laughter died down and then he said gently: "Outfield."

"What other positions have you played, Mickey?"

"Well," said Mickey, "let's see. I've played second base, third base and shortstop."

"Why don't they let you pitch?"

Mickey smiled and then said softly: "I just don't know."

"What was the hardest ball you ever tried to catch?"

"That was in 1951 when I was in the Yankee rookie camp out in Phoenix," said Mickey. "I was a shortstop then, but Casey put me in the outfield one day. I didn't know how to work those sunglasses and Ray Boone hit a long ball to me and I was fussing with the sunglasses and running to make the catch and the next thing you know I got the ball—right between the eyes."

The boys laughed and one of them cried out: "Do you use Gillette Blue Blades?"

Mickey laughed and let it pass and pointed to another questioner:

"Mickey, who's the best catcher on the Yankees?"

"Well," said Mickey as though he had to think about it, "I guess you'd have to say Yogi Berra."

"Mickey, is there any kind of food you're not supposed to eat?"

"Well," said Mickey, "we're supposed to go easy on the chili and hot dogs."

"Mickey, are you going to give us autographs tonight?"

Ken Underwood stepped up and shook his head.

"Boys," he said, "this is Mickey's last night at home and he made a special effort to drive all the way over from Commerce. Now he wants to get back and have a little time with his family. You'll understand that, I'm sure, and so let's give Mickey a big send-off."

The boys cheered and Mickey waved and made his way through them to the door.



THE HERO Hank Greenwald, Contractor Harold D. Yonemura (left) and Tom Greenwald, the Yankee scout who signed him.

or not and usually the boy Mickey called on had to think one up fast. The first boy Mickey pointed to stammered a few seconds and then blurted: "What would you do if you were caught between first and second?"

"Why," said Mickey, "I'd try to get back to one of 'em." He pointed to another youngster.

"Do all ballplayers chew gum?" asked the boy.

"Gum or tobacco usually," said Mickey. "That's so you won't drink too much water."

The questions jumped all around the room:

"Who's the toughest pitcher for you, Mickey?"

"Herb Score, I guess."

"Are you ever nervous up there at the plate?"

"Pretty nervous, yes."

"Do you eat Wheaties, Mickey?"

"Yes, I do."

NEXT DAY, Mickey piloted a two-car caravan of relations (he had decided to buy the Lincoln he tried out the day before) down to Tulsa for the banquet of the Old Timers Baseball Association at which he was to receive an award as Oklahoma Athlete of the Year. The first thing he did on arriving in Tulsa was to take his wife to a jeweler's. They bought a setting for a diamond which he planned to take out of the Hickok Belt as Marilyn could wear it as a ring.

Later in the afternoon, Mickey paced the Mantle suite in the Adams Hotel. His 20-year-old twin brothers, Roy and Ray, were there and so was Tom Greenwald, the Yankee scout.

The twins, as shy about public appearances as Mickey himself was a couple of years ago, were stating the terms by which they had agreed to attend the dinner that night.

"We said we weren't going to sit at any head table," said Roy. "We said we weren't getting up on any stage."

"They said we could sit down with the reporters," said Ray, "and all we'd have to do is get up and take a bow."

"We're not going on any television program," said Roy.

"We may take a notion not to go at all," said Ray. "They're liable to doublecross us and call us up on that stage."

"Let's not go," said Roy.

Mickey nodded and looked defiantly at Tom Greenwald.

"A little bit more and I wouldn't go myself," he said. The twins looked at him admiringly. "Let's not say of us go!" cried Ray.

"Oh, what are you talking about, Mickey!" exclaimed Tom Greenwade. "I think you're beginning to like this steeplechasing."

Mickey looked at him and grinned.

"Getting pretty good at it, too," he said. "You ask Bob Hope."

That night, before 1,500 guests assembled in the Cinarcon Ballroom, Mickey took part in a sketch modeled on Ralph Edwards' *This Is Your Life* television program, and his mother and Merlyn and Tom Greenwade and Harry Craft, his manager at Joplin, came on stage to tell about various phases of Mickey's career. Mickey's mother said he had been "quite a good scholar" in school and Merlyn confessed that she always liked softball better than baseball. The twins, Roy and Ray, jumped up from the press table and bobbed their heads and Hugh Finerty, the M.C., kept his bargain and didn't try to lase them up on the stage.

Mickey went down the stretch of the banquet circuit like a miler letting go with his final kick. He flew to New York for three more affairs, and in accepting the Player of the Year award at the annual banquet of the New York baseball writers, bearded short, choppy, Harry Trumanlike gestures to his talk and made news by announcing he had come to terms with the Yankees at (it was guessed) about \$600,000 for the 1957 season.

He thought it was all over. But when he flew down to Florida and went out to play golf with his friend Billy Martin, the newspapermen found him on the 15th tee at Miami Springs and began grilling him with the very questions he had been answering all winter long. At last he blew his top, and next day a headline in one of the Miami papers ran across six columns: **MANTLE ON BASEBALL: TIRED OF THAT BULL!**

Next morning Mickey called up his friend Harold Youngman at Fort Lauderdale and asked if he and Billy could come up and play the course at Coral Ridge, Youngman's club. Youngman said they certainly could, and when he hung up the phone, I put down my coffee cup and said I had to go someplace.

"If you'd like to see Mickey this afternoon," said Youngman, "I'd suggest you be out at Coral Ridge at about 4:30."

Working the formula that I had learned in Buster Springs, I said I might just possibly be able to make it.

I was glad I did, for I got the chance to ride around in a golf cart with Billy and Mickey and keep score and see Mickey enjoying his first real respite away from home. Neither Billy nor Mickey has ever taken a lesson and their game is relaxed and informal with bad lies usually remedied by a well-aimed kick. They played in the 50s. Billy got a birdie 2 on one hole, and a couple of times Mickey's power happened to coincide with a perfect swing and the ball went screaming off the tee. Once, he pointed to a woman making a short approach to the green far down the fairway on a long hole and said: "I believe I'll knock that lady's hat off." It seemed perfectly safe to drive, but this was one of the times Mickey did everything right—and he had to duck his head in embarrassment when the woman near the green jumped as the ball came bounding by her.

Between holes, Billy Martin said of Mickey, "People don't realize the pressures that guy is under. He was the biggest star in the game at 24 and it's not easy to get used to suddenly finding that you can't even sit down and eat a

continued



PITCHING to his son Mickey Jr., 4, in backyard of his home in Commerce, Okla., as his own father did to him 30 years ago.



GOLFING with his closest friend and roommate, Billy Martin. They play an informal kind of a game that knows no bad lies.



He shares spotlight with Stengel at banquet in New York



He helps Teresa Brewer record the song, "I Love Mickey"

MIGHTY MICKEY

continued

sandwich without being surrounded. They say it's the price of fame and he's getting well paid for it. But still, coming out of a small town out in Oklahoma, it takes a little time to learn. Mickey's learned fast and he's grown up fast. Another thing people are apt to forget is that he plays ball under some tough physical handicaps. And he never complains or mentions it. You ask Casey."

At the final tee Low Wozham, the Canal Ridge pro, drove up in a cart and asked Billy and Mickey if they'd like to do a little skeet shooting when they were through. They said they would.

For the last hole, Martin suddenly became a radio announcer, describing "the ever confident Willie Martin going down the stretch against his highly regarded opponent, Charles Mantle." Billy drove and aimed and Mickey said, "The ever confident Willie is an confident he's playing the wrong fairway."

After the skeet shooting, I stood with Mickey and Billy and Youngman outside the locker room. It was the end of a long winter trail. Harold Youngman turned to me and said, "Isn't there anything you want to ask Mickey?"

I thought hard. What would I ask him? The old, old questions about the Ruth record, how he felt in the slump last year, the teams the Yankees had to beat, the condition of his knee, how much he actually got out of George Weiss? None of them seemed right, Mickey stood waiting. Finally, I had it.

I reached in my pocket and pulled out the golf card on which I had been keeping score. Then I asked the question, the ultimate banal question that is at once the exasperation and the final tribute to the Hero.

"Mickey," I said, "would you please autograph this card?"

* * *

EPilogue by Casey: In a corner of the dining room of the Serego Hotel in St. Petersburg, Fla., Casey Stengel eyed a breakfast egg and stared it down. "Oh, yes," he said, "so I hear. He's got this confidence. I saw him in Chicago and he's down in the crowd and they ask him to come up and speak and he comes to the head table and says, 'This is the first time my manager has heard me speak.' Which is true except that I see him on the television and he looks

very good. His grammar is very good. He's known all over now, everywhere he goes they know him and want his autograph. They know him in North and South Dakota."

Casey flinched his egg and got up and walked into the lobby and sat down on a sofa. "What I want to know is where is my trunk? I'm wearing this winter suit for five days down here and nobody can tell me where my trunk is. I've got to get some action on that."

He took a cigaret and puffed on it.

"Yes," he said. "He has this confidence and maybe it will help him. But that's now. What about two, three, five years from now? What happens? This third baseman at Milwaukee (Eddie Mathews), I liked him very much, but I don't know. Other ones around, big stars and then what? This boy could get hurt, he could get too big across here." Casey drew a hand from shoulder to shoulder. He's very powerful up there, and he could get too big and lose power. It's happened to some others. Like (Johnny) Mize, only he went into the Navy and got thinned down again."

Casey ground out his cigaret.

"Suppose they walk him a lot. All right, what does he do? This boy is fast. He may lead the league in stolen bases. This boy has a great arm. He may lead the outfielders in assists. You got to be fast and strong to play center field in Yankee Stadium. About the knee, I'm surprised when he says in New York that the knee doesn't bother him as much as hitting right-handed. That's odd. You'd think, being the right knee, it would be the other way."

Casey called out to a passing porter: "Any sign of my trunk?"

"I'll go see, Mr. Stengel," said the porter.

"There was a boy on a quiz program," said Casey. "What do you want to be when you grow up?" they ask him. 'Center fielder on the New York Yankees,' the boy says. That's the way it goes. They know him everywhere now. But here's what people don't realize. The big thing about this boy is he likes to play baseball. The knee bothers him and still he comes to me and says, 'Let me play.' Sometimes I let him when I shouldn't. I shouldn't have let him play in the All-Star Game. But he says, 'You got to let me play, Casey.' So I give in. I'm wrong, but I let him play. That's what people don't know. With all the other things, dancing on the television and making speeches and going for the records, there's this big thing about this boy. This boy loves to play baseball."

(KNO)



He meets a young admirer in Chicago



He poses with Swimmer Pat McCormick



He rehearses with Singer Perry Como



The old lady gave him what for



JOHN WISE IN CHICAGO

AN OLD LADY living near Henderson, N.Y., in 1879 was shocked at the way the four men had arrived—and said so. Such sun-baked-looking men in such an outlandish vehicle!

But John Wise and his crew, perched up in a tree, were far too happy to listen. Caught by a storm, their aerial balloon had almost plunged beneath the angry waves of Lake Ontario. Then, after bouncing ashore, they had crashed wildly through a mile of treetops before stopping in one.

Now, his pulse regained, Wise stood up to proclaim: "Thus ends the greatest balloon conquest ever made." He had come 1200 miles from St. Louis in 19 hours, setting a record unbroken for 60 years.

He had also proved his long-held theory of an earth-reaching, west-east air current—and that was far more important to him. For Wise was no carnival balloonist. He was a pioneer scientist of the air, a man whose ingenuity, mind and courageous spirit helped start the vast forward march of American aviation.

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HOTBOX: AMORAL PRIMATES

Sir:

With regard to the Feb. 11 mention of Jimmy Jewell ("If you see someone violating fish and game laws, would you report him to a game warden?"), the persons interviewed, with two exceptions, pondered the question with all the profundity of a chimpanzee contemplating its navel.

This amoral approach to game law observance reveals that far too many so-called sportsmen deal with an intruder desire to be thought of as good fellows.

More power to Missouri. Cornish and Bromley, who thought it out.

Nick Blumsky

Rochester, Ind.

HOTBOX: SPORTSMEN ASSISTANTS

Sir:

It should be the duty of every true sportsman to report any deliberate violations, just as you would if you got the number of a hit-and-run driver.

I am not talking about the novice who takes one too many fish, or an accidental killing of a hen pheasant, which will happen on occasion, but the man who deliberately and willfully, as Mr. Cornish stated, "rubs out resources." For the life of me, I couldn't understand the reluctance of the persons interviewed to report such an incident.

RICHARD M. MARLIN

White Plains, N.Y.

SPIKE WEBB: OUR GUYS

Sir:

The Spike Webb series (SL, Feb. 11 & 18) brought to mind Yale's boxing coach of many years ago, who was not only Heavy Nine (Superior Webb's better opponent) and, I should think, better material, Moses's Yale teams generally fought Webb's boys to a 3-3 draw. I always have to wonder what most of Spike's reputation as a "neutralized" "boxing" because every Assange-like fighter I ever saw against Yale was put in a slugging, at least compared to our guys. Invariably they'd start the fight by coming out of their corners almost on the dead run and trying for a knockout. If Spike felt "concepts for the slugging," his boys sure didn't share it.

CHARLES W. DERRICK

New York

For SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's tribute to Moses King, who in his 30 years as a boxing coach became as much a symbol of Yale athletics as Handsome Dan the bulldog, see EVENTS & DISCOVERIES, Dec. 21.—ED.

WINTER SPORTS

Sir:

Are you running out of sports material? In your Feb. 18 issue you said that three pages—devoting Mrs. Dawson Jr. Rabb and her friends getting halibuts at Round Hill. Is this a sport? For the past month you have shown almost nothing but fashion photos and dog shows.

Meanwhile, the Campbell and the Red Wings are battling it out in a thrilling NHL race which you do not publicize, and Southern skiers are thirsting for an article on skiing. How about a little more hockey and skiing and fewer dogs and halibuts!

M. A. KAUFMAN

Nashua, N.H.

We appreciate Mr. Kaufman's letting his hair down and admire his razor-sharp enthusiasm, but for the record we must point out that to date the editorial staff has been skiing and hockey 74. Inquiries L.—ED.

TRACK: VICIOUS INDULGENCE

Sir:

Reading about our women's track and field prowess at the Olympic Games last year, I wondered how many American girls speculated about how well they could do in competition.

Then an advertisement about their own encouragement in these events for women. How does one induce your big potential talent? What girl wouldn't train seriously if she thought she had a chance?

Surely this type of activity can't be thought unmanly. The spirited and blossomed female of 1912 strove valiantly in track events on Vassar's circular track. Also, today the track is a flowered walk, its green center witnessing only the lazily trundling of the merry-go-round. And yet the students viciously indulge in field hockey and lacrosse, and sometimes—never.

If every high school and college offered an optional track program for girls we could choose a representative Olympic team from the winners of regional meets.

JACOB M. SQUINACI

Lewistown, N.J.

BOXING: ONWARD, APPPEFFERS!

Sir:

With the Art Aragon scandal and the past reputation of boxing all over the U.S., I think it is about time for David Schickel to reorganize the APPPFF (SL, Nov. 28, 1984). I think that most people will agree with me when I say that some serious measures must be taken to save boxing.

RICK HERRMAN

North Hollywood, Calif.

For a report on a major victory for the Association for the Protection of Poor Put-upon Fight Fans, see page 18.—ED.

HELEN MILLS ON THE GAME

Sir:

In Horrocks (Feb. 25) Jimmy Jewell asks: "Should there be an open air tennis as there is in golf?" I think that an event in which there would be competition between amateur and professional tennis might be desirable, and successful, provided that a great deal of thought and consideration were given to planning such an event. It could become one of the great sporting events, or it could be a fiasco. I could imagine a really fine "open" tennis championship tournament, played during the winter months when it would not conflict with already scheduled events. The meeting would be perhaps in California and Florida on alternate years. Hard-court tennis would probably be the best. The cost of putting on such an event would be very great, and it is doubtful if the gate would be sufficient to meet costs at the beginning. However, if a plan could be worked out by which the meeting would be on a trial basis for two years, with the right for either the amateur or the professional group to withdraw at the end of that period if dissatisfied, there could be no great loss. I would certainly imagine that the



FLYING SAUDBERS FROM CHAPEL HILL, N.C., PROCLAIM READER SPERO BORTON'S PRIDE IN THE UNIVERSITY'S FIRST-RANKED BASKETBALL TEAM

morning, if handled correctly, would be financially successful in the long run. Here again you have another problem, and perhaps the most difficult one. A nonprofit plan would have to be adopted, and all money taken in would have to go into a fund or foundation. The administration of this fund would present another set of problems. The success of such an undertaking is entirely dependent upon the thinking of the persons who make the plans. "What's good for the game" must be first and always the main consideration.

HELEN WILLS ROARK
Pacific Palisades, Calif.



MRS. ROARK GIVING TENNIS LESSON

● Helen Wills Roark (see picture), erstwhile "Little Miss Poker Face" of the tennis world, won her first U.S. championship in 1923 at the age of 17 and won it six more times between 1924 and 1931. In 1938 she came back to win the Wimbledon crown for the eighth time, an unprecedented feat. Still a weekend player, Mrs. Roark has won recognition as an author and artist.—ED.

GOLF—FROM HERE TO ETERNITY

Sirs: Bill Weber has a good idea in the 1978 *HOLE* (Feb. 18) about burial space in fairways for golf club members! However, while he prefers the location where he made a perfect eight-iron shot, give me mine beneath the site of a horrible look-up wedge shot near the 17th green which cost me a tournament!

We all like to play the bad ones. So there I'll be with plenty of time to do just that!

ROBERT D. MARZNER

Cincinnati

REQUIRED READING

Sirs: In *A Big Lip for Fitness* (SI, Feb. 11) you mentioned Dr. Karpovich's latest book *Weight Training in Athletics*.

I am wondering if this book has been released to the public as yet and where it may be purchased.

JIM SONGSTER

Brookport, N.Y.

● For the information of Mr. Songster and a score of other physical fitness fans, Dr. Karpovich's book is published by Prentice-Hall at \$4.95 and is available through all bookstores.—ED.



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Richard Mook

SPRAY AND HER CREW

Some derring-do on the high seas from this salty crew of the 37-foot yawl *Spray* marks (owner William S. Piper, a Miami doctor, and his sailing mates as men of action and determination. Refusing to quit when their miscreant snapped in a freak collision one minute after the starting gun of the 19th annual Miami-Nassau race, they patched up fore and aft stays, made other emergency repairs under way and took off 40 minutes later into the wind for the 184-mile beat down to the Bahamas. *Spray*, flying the

penant of the Coral Gables Yacht Club, finished 19th in the fleet of 23 on corrected time and seventh in Class C. At their berth in Nassau the crew posed (clockwise from left): Timothy J. Sullivan of Miami, public relations director of Florida Power and Light Co.; W. Scott Piper, skipper's son, student at Coral Gables High School; Alex Carlin, automobile accessory manufacturer of Higgins Lake, Mich.; Dr. Piper; Edwin Mairs of Miami, marine architect; and (center) Marshall Scott, Miami attorney.



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Left: The "Lamp" (Sho. 12174); Center: The "Salute" (Sho. 14661); Right: The "Falconer" (Sho. 12063).—Available at Jamman dealers and stores. \$1.01 to \$18.95 men's styles. JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, Nashville, Tennessee, Division of General Shoe Corporation



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